

The Sketch

No. 921.—Vol. LXXI.

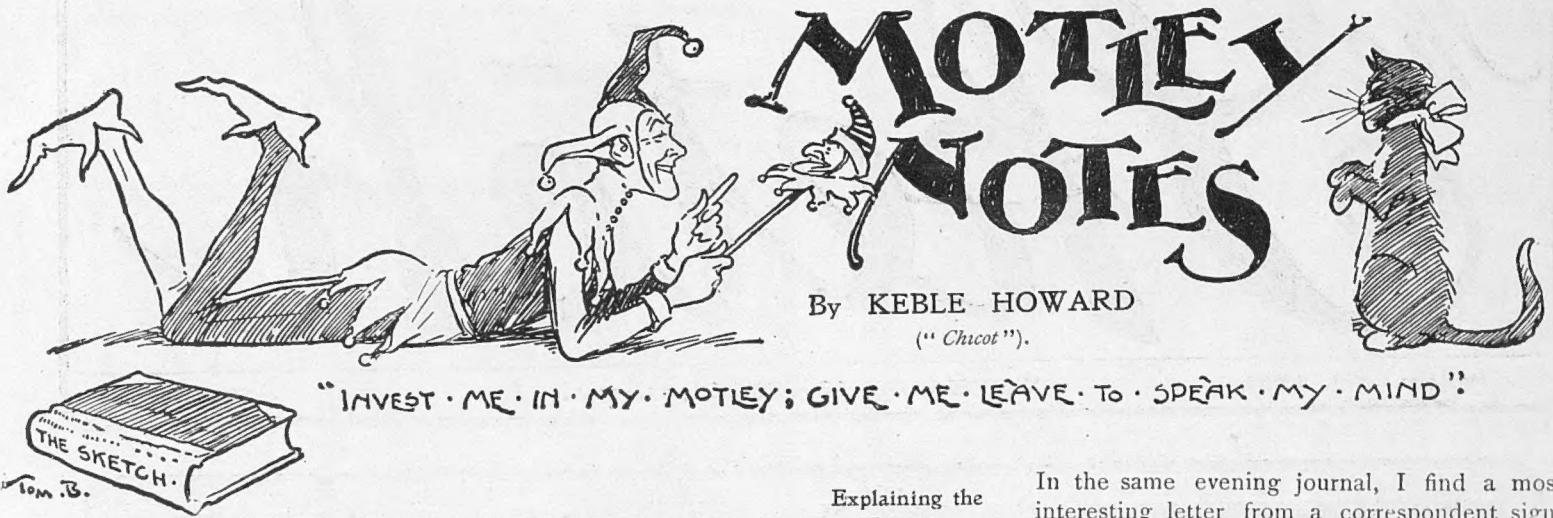
WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1910.

SIXPENCE.



A DALY DELIGHT: MISS GLADYS GUY IN "THE DOLLAR PRINCESS."

Miss Gladys Guy is one of the charming young actresses who are appearing at Daly's in that remarkable musical-comedy success, "The Dollar Princess."
Photograph by Bassano.



The Dream
Programme.

It is a common enough saying that everybody knows how to edit a newspaper or manage a theatre. It now appears that there are quite a lot of people, also, who know how to manage a music-hall. At any rate, one of my evening papers has been asking its readers: "What is the Ideal Music Hall Programme?" and the answers have gone to show that the people who take money for managing music-halls ought to be thoroughly ashamed of themselves. All the programmes submitted by these amateur managers are really excellent, and I suppose that any one of them could be secured for two thousand pounds a week. By some error one reader of this evening journal sent his ideal programme to the offices of *The Sketch*. He is, I think, a more sincere fellow than some of those who succeeded in getting their programmes printed in the proper column. There is no swank about him; he is not ashamed to set down in black and white exactly what he likes. Under these circumstances, it would be a thousand pities if his programme were lost to the world. Perhaps I ought to send it on to the Editor of the evening journal that is running the feature, but there are occasions when etiquette may be waived, and I feel that this is one of them. Here, therefore goes—

MY IDEAL MUSIC-HALL PROGRAMME.

1. OVERTURE. (Selection of canine music arranged by Herman Finck.)
2. TROUPE OF PERFORMING TERRIERS. (Dance on hind-legs.)
3. WILL WILLS, Comedian. (For choice, "I've bin Rahnd the Tahn!")
4. TROUPE OF PERFORMING DACHSHUNDS. (Dance on fore-legs.)
5. JIM JAMES, Comedian. (For choice, "Oo 'It Pore Old Fawver?")
6. TROUPE OF PERFORMING TOY POMS. (High jinks on the dinner-table.)
7. BOB BOBS, Comedian. (For choice, "When my Old Gal Got the Needle.")
8. TROUPE OF PERFORMING ST. BERNARDS. (Jumps through Blazing Hoops.)
9. DICK DICKS, Comedian. (For choice, "Wot Price 'is Optic Nah?")
10. INTERVAL FOR "DOG'S NOSE." ("Daddy Wouldn't Buy me a Bow-wow," by the Orchestra.)
11. TROUPE OF PERFORMING BULL-DOGS. (Introducing Galvanized Bull.)
12. REGGIE REX, Comedian. (For choice, "When Billy Buggins Lorst 'Is Blinkin' Napper!")
13. TROUPE OF PERFORMING BLOODHOUNDS. (With Galvanized Convict.)
14. MIKE MIKES, Comedian. (For choice, "'Ooth Theen 'I thickpenth?")
15. TROUPE OF PERFORMING GREYHOUNDS. (Danse des Jambes en l'Air.)
16. SAM SAMS, Comedian. (For choice, "We ain't had a Gargle since Muvver Broke 'er Leg.")

GOD SAVE ENGLAND.

My Own Ideal
Programme.

Fired by this brave example, I have drawn up an ideal programme of my own. It is, of course, subject to alterations at the discretion of the management, the appearance of no individual artist being guaranteed—

1. COLONEL ROOSEVELT ... Solo on the Big Drumstick.
2. MR. HERBERT TRENCH... In Selections from His Repertory Theatre.

3. LLOYD GEORGE AND CO.
In an Original Comedy Sketch, entitled

"THE FOURTH FORM."

DAVID, the Boy at the Bottom of the Form... MR. LLOYD GEORGE.

4. Songs at the Pianissimo ... MR. HALL CAINE.
5. Sensational Tank Act ... MR. ROBERT LORAIN.

MR. LORAIN will fly rapidly round the hall in his aeroplane, finally alighting, underneath the aeroplane, in the tank. Refusing all offers of assistance from officious lighthouse-keepers, he will rise to the surface and sink peacefully into the arms of MR. VEDRENNE and MR. LOCKE.

6. Duet ... "The Dear Golden One." MR. LE NEAVE and the EDITOR of *Answers*.

By KEBLE HOWARD

("Chicot").

Explaining the
Mysteries.

In the same evening journal, I find a most interesting letter from a correspondent signing himself "Cedars." "Cedars" is quite obviously an expert on fish-shops. He must have spent a large portion of his life in the neighbourhood of fish-shops, nor has the time been wasted. I will wager, friend the reader, that *you* do not know why the fishmonger does not have glass windows to the front of his shop. But "Cedars" does. "It is because he would be unable to stand on the frontage of his shop and attempt to persuade the passers-by to buy his goods." There's a simple reason for you. Again, do you know how a fishmonger "dresses" his slab? I thought not. Listen to "Cedars." He will place some large fish in the centre, such as halibut, turbot, or salmon when in season, and from that centre range in rows other species of fish, finishing the front with pieces of parsley interspersed among the fish, and a few boiled lobsters placed indiscriminately." What a charming picture! And how eloquently described by "Cedars"! It seems to bring before you in a flash every fish-shop that you have ever seen. That touch about the indiscriminate lobster is delightful, and explains at once that puzzling passage of Lewis Carroll's—

As a duck with his eyelids, so he with his nose,
Trims his belt and his buttons, and turns out his toes.

Some commentators have held that this referred to the live lobster, but it is now evident that the lamented mathematician had made almost as close a study of fish-shops as "Cedars."

The Little Theatre
for Big Hats.

I understand from a newspaper article that Miss Gertrude Kingston's new theatre is to be "a woman's theatre for women." There is no mention in the article of a bar, which shows that Miss Kingston is not commercially-minded. In many theatres, I am told, more money is taken at the bars than at the box-office, but it is obvious that this could not be the case in "a woman's theatre for women." The bar space, apparently, will be given up to providing specially large cloak-rooms for the specially large hats with which the white female slaves of England burden themselves. I am far from wishing to discourage Miss Kingston in her noble endeavour to house the hats of her patrons, but I should like to remind her that there is such a thing as a toque, and to warn her that I am advised by Paris that the toque is to be all the rage this winter. Won't there be an awful lot of waste space in those huge cloak-rooms when that happens? Even supposing that ten ladies removed their toques, which is unlikely, you do not need a cloak-room as big as a church for ten toques, do you? I have no desire to interfere, but I cannot help hoping that Miss Kingston's cloak-rooms have been constructed to expand and contract with the fashion in hats. Further, Miss Kingston has so arranged matters that her patrons will be able to dispense with cloaks and male escorts. A sort of theatrical Turkish bath, perhaps? Yes?

The Lonely "Bachelor
Girl" Found!

At last the lonely "Bachelor Girl" has sent me her name and address. She has been very ill, and is staying at a little village in Cornwall. I have forwarded all the letters that reached me.

MISS IVY GORDON-LENNOX.

In our issue of Sept. 14 we stated that it was reported that an engagement between Lord Winterton and Miss Ivy Gordon-Lennox, daughter of Lord Algernon Gordon-Lennox, was about to be announced. We are now informed that there was no foundation for the statement. Consequently, we beg to make this formal contradiction, and to express our sincere regret at any inconvenience that may have been caused by the circulation of the report

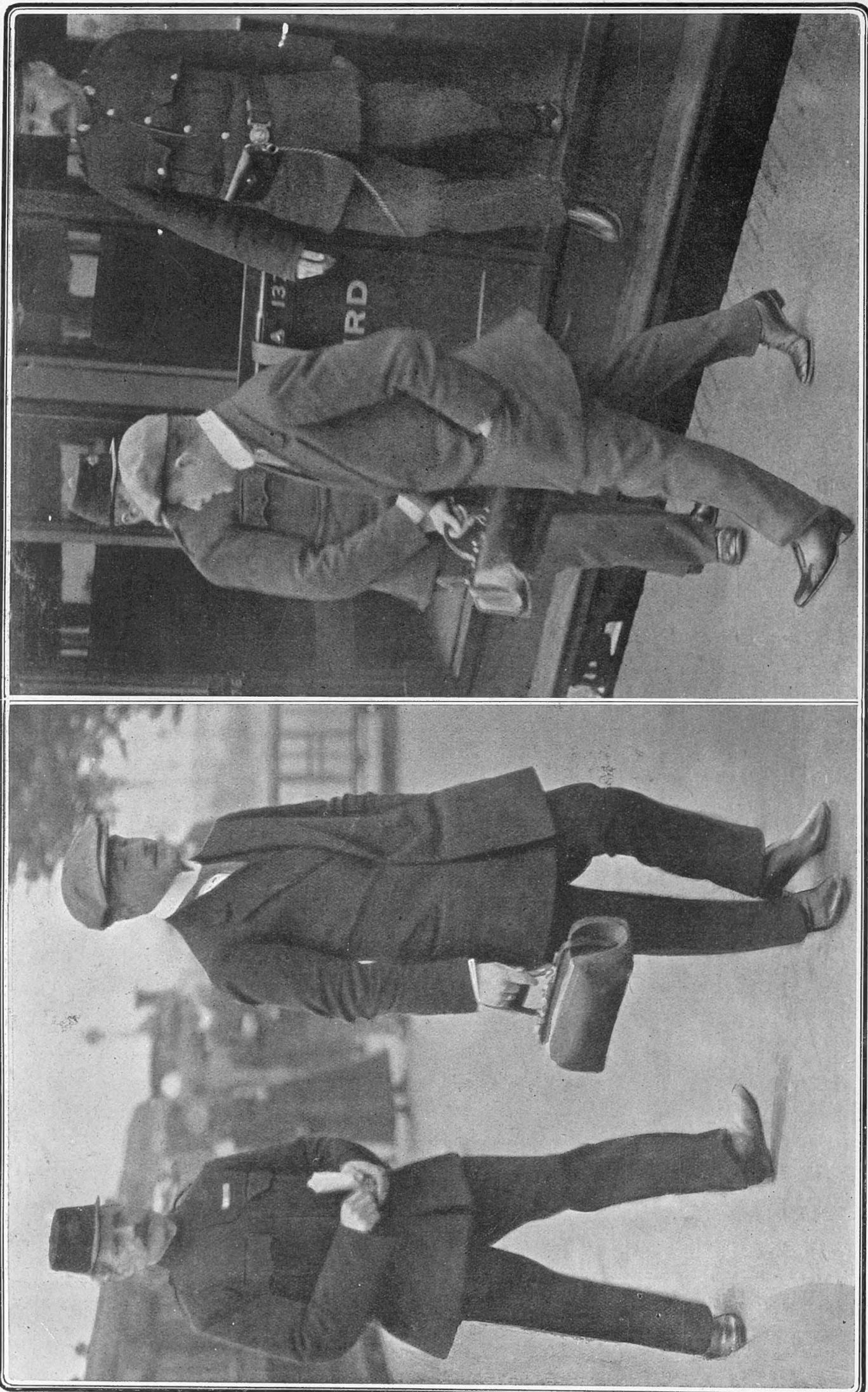
AN EX-QUEEN ON HOLIDAY: HER MAJESTY BATHES.



DURING HER OFFICIAL HOLIDAY: RANAVALONA, EX-QUEEN OF MADAGASCAR, ON THE BEACH
OF LA BAULE, BRITTANY.

When, in February of 1897, Queen Ranavalona of Madagascar was deposed by the French Resident-General, she and her family were deported to Réunion Island. From there she was transferred to Algiers two years later. Each year she is permitted to leave Algiers for a holiday, and this year she has been with her sister at La Baule, in Brittany.

THE GERMAN OFFICER WHO WAS ARRESTED AT PORTSMOUTH AS A SPY.

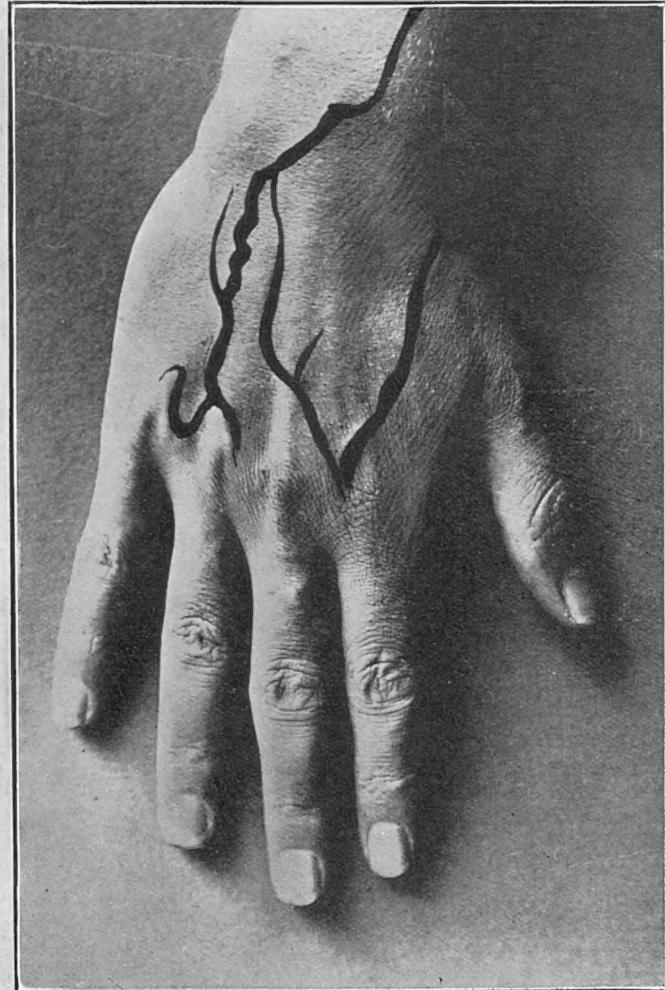
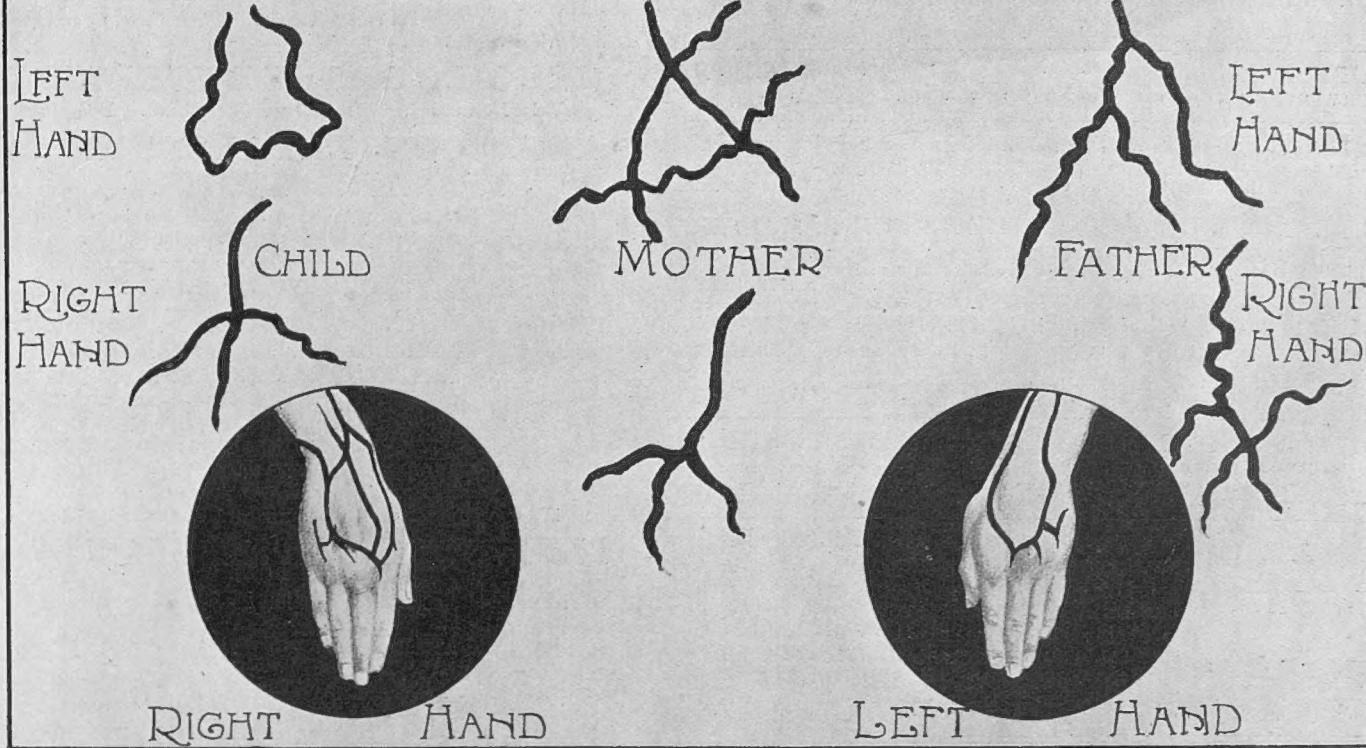


ON HIS WAY TO MAKE AN APPEARANCE BEFORE THE MAGISTRATE: LIEUTENANT HELM, OF THE 21ST BATTALION NASSAU REGIMENT OF THE GERMAN ARMY, WHO HAS BEEN CHARGED WITH MAKING UNLAWFULLY SKETCHES OF BRITISH DEFENCES.

When Lieutenant Helm made his second appearance before the magistrate at Fareham, Mr. H. M. G. Bodkin prosecuted for the Treasury, while Mr. Travers Humphreys appeared for Lieutenant Helm. In opening the case, Mr. Bodkin said that there would be no evidence before the court to the effect that Lieutenant Helm was in any sense an accredited representative of a foreign Power to whose military forces he belonged. He further said, "in this case, it is not going to be suggested for a moment that the defendant was doing other than what he said he was doing—namely, wrongfully obtaining information for his own purpose." Mr. Bodkin argued that possibly Lieutenant Helm might have decided to attempt to obtain information "with his own personal advancement in view when he returned to his native land." This the prosecution asserted that any information the Lieutenant may have obtained was for his own purpose only; and that he was not regarded as a representative of a foreign Power. The case was adjourned until Tuesday (yesterday).—[Photographs by the *Illustration Bureau*.]

IDENTIFICATION BY THE VEINS IN THE BACK OF THE HANDS.
A PROPOSED AID TO THE POLICE OF THE WORLD.

THE VEIN PATTERNS OF A CHILD AND ITS PARENTS.



RIGHT HAND OF A MAN



LEFT HAND OF SAME MAN

"THE ARRANGEMENT OF THE VEINS IN THE BACK OF THE HAND . . . IS NOT THE SAME
IN ANY TWO PERSONS."

Professor Tamassia, of the University of Padua, argues that the veins in the back of the hands provide excellent means of identification. To quote the "Scientific American": "A superficial observer would assume this pattern [of veins] to be essentially the same in all persons, or at least in all members of the same family, and both Lusanna and Capon assert, in their writing, that it is inherited from father to son. Tamassia finds, on the contrary, that the arrangement of the veins in the back of the hand is so characteristic of the individual that it is not the same in any two persons." The diagrams at the top of the page show the differences between the vein-patterns of a child and its parents. The drawings of hands and the photographs of hands show the vein-markings in the back of the hands of two different people. To emphasise these veins, they have been drawn in black.

By courtesy of the "Scientific American."

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"A TURF TOPIC." — We are hearing much of the horse just now; of
the shortage in the Army, where the four-footed warrior is still an
essential, and of man's ingratitude to his worn-out friend. As long,
however, as England breeds the racehorse there will be a section of
the public who will uphold our equine traditions, and, moreover, treat
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TO AUTHORS.—The Editor is always open to consider short stories (up to three thousand words in length), illustrated articles of a topical or general nature, and original jokes. Stories are paid for according to merit: general articles and jokes at a fixed rate.

TO PHOTOGRAPHERS.—In submitting Photographs, contributors are requested to state whether (a) such photographs have been previously published, (b) they have been sent to any other paper, and (c) they are copyright or non-copyright. With regard to reproduction, clear silver prints are the most suitable. No published photograph will be returned unless a special arrangement is made to that effect. The name and address of the sender must be written carefully on the back of each photograph submitted, and each print must be fully titled.

Photographs of new and original subjects—English, Colonial, and Foreign—are particularly desired.

SPECIAL NOTE TO AMATEURS.—The Editor will be glad to consider Photographs of beautiful landscapes, buildings, etc., and will pay at the customary rate for any used. Photographs of comparatively unknown "sights" are preferred to prints of well-known and continually photographed places.

GENERAL NOTICES.—Every care will be taken of contributions submitted to the Editor, and every endeavour made to return rejected contributions to their senders; but the Editor will not accept responsibility for the accidental loss, damage, destruction, or long detention of manuscripts, drawings, paintings, or photographs sent for his approval.

Contributors desirous of knowing the kind of work that is most likely to be accepted are advised to study the pages of the paper.

No use will be made of circular matter.

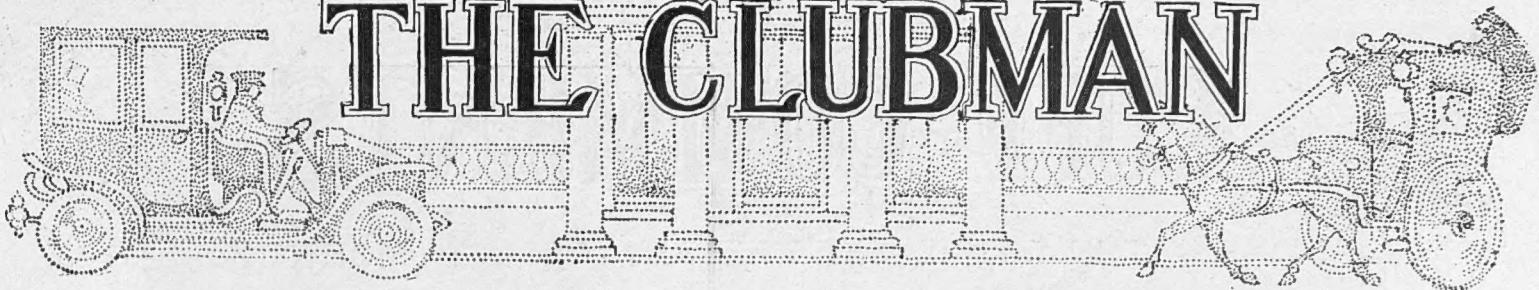
All stories and articles should be type-written.

With a view to preventing any possible misunderstanding on the subject, the Editor desires to make it quite clear that under no circumstances does an offer of payment influence the insertion of portraits in "The Sketch" nor has it ever done so.

"SKETCH" EDITORIAL OFFICES, MILFORD LANE, STRAND, W.C.

PUBLISHING OFFICE: 172, STRAND, W.C.

THE CLUBMAN



At Baden-Baden. There were no signs of the waning of the season at Baden-Baden when I was there, during the lawn-tennis week which follows the race fortnight, except that one milliner's shop had in its windows an announcement that all prices had been reduced and that the tickets for trips in the (now defunct) Zeppelin air-ship were priced at £10 instead of £12, which was the sum that voyagers in the air had to pay during the great fortnight. The immense air-ship (which has now, sad to say, come to an untimely end, like its predecessors, having been completely burnt up in its shed through an explosion) used to be brought out twice a day, weather permitting, and generally sailed above the Rhine country and the Black Forest, giving its passengers the pleasure of a bird's-eye view of the land. It was proposed to institute sunrise trips as well, the view of the sun appearing above the mountains being the supreme attraction which was to draw people out of bed; but Baden-Baden, though it rises fairly early to drink milk and go for walks, preferred to spend its money on air-ship rides when the day was well warmed, and the sunrise trips were abandoned.

"Zeppelin VI." The air-ship shed where the "Zeppelin VI." was housed is quite close to the railway station at Oos. The shed, whose roof was partly burnt, stands in a great grassy plain, and the people in the trains and on the golf links and on the racecourse all have had a splendid view of the ascents of the great ship. People came from great distances to take voyages in the "Zeppelin," and wherever the Hamburg-America line of steamers have an agency in Austria and Germany — and the line has one in every town of any size — it was possible to book seats in the car on any especial

The Baden-Baden "Cure."

"cure" at most of the German watering-places coincided with the palmy days of the gaming-rooms. Homburg is, I think, the chief exception to this; but when the late King Edward forsook Homburg and went yearly to Marienbad, it was curious what a number of people whose gout necessitated a visit to the little town in the Taunus hills found out that they suffered from liver, not from gout,

There were days, no doubt, when the "cure" at Baden-Baden was a very serious one. It is a curious fact that the palmy days of the



A "MASK" DESIGNED TO ALTER THE SHAPE OF THE NOSE: HOW THE DEVICE IS WORN.

The old tag that one must suffer to be beautiful is recognised especially in Paris. Hence a flourishing trade in beautifiers of all sorts. The instrument here shown is designed to mould the nose into a better shape than nature has given it in certain cases.

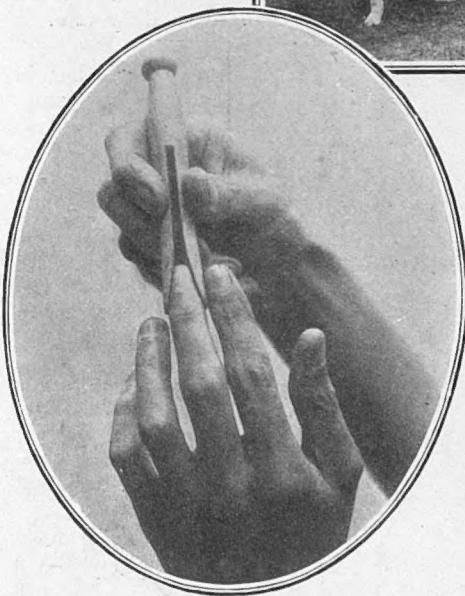
Photograph by Delius.

and that Marienbad was the one "cure" place which was really of service to them. There is one test by which I always judge whether the "cure" at any watering-place is really serious or whether it is an elastic one. If there are more chemists'

shops than those of pastry-cooks in a town, that town is a serious "cure" town; if the pastry-cooks outnumber the chemists, then the doctors keep a very light hand on their patients. At Baden-Baden the pastry-cooks are in the majority by, I should think, two to one, and therefore I class the Baden-Baden "cure" amongst the less serious ones, though probably no less efficacious on that account.

The Charm of Baden-Baden. But added to the "fresh-air cure," which

is now Baden-Baden's chief attraction to invalids, there is a charm and a restfulness about the town in the valley down which the Oos runs, and a stateliness which no other German town of healing waters possesses. The Conversation Haus, with its great pillars, looks like a palace, and, indeed, was designed to be the wing of one; and the Lichtenhaller Allee is a very beautiful avenue of trees, with gardens and fountains and woods on either side. No shrieking motor-cars are allowed to disturb the serenity of this beautiful drive, and it has a dignity and a quietude which are delightful. The great orchestra plays twice a day in the band-stand opposite the Conversation Haus, and most people end their day by a promenade up and down the broad gravel space listening to its strains.



THE CULTIVATION OF FILBERT NAILS: A CLOTHES-PEG AS A TOILET ACCESSORY. A correspondent informs us that an ordinary clothes-peg, worn on the finger in the manner shown for half-an-hour or so a day, tends to produce the much-coveted filbert nail. He informs us that needle-women have used the idea for a considerable time.

Photograph by Fleet.



MORE SIMPLE LIFE! LADY CAMPERS-OUT AT WASHING-UP TIME.

day. During the great military manoeuvres, which are still proceeding, the air-ship took its passengers over the portion of the country, near Wörth and other battlefields, where the armies are manoeuvring against each other. The passengers in a neutral air-ship can see far more than anyone engaged in the fighting. They know, and the rival Generals do not, what is on the other side of the hill — a knowledge which the great Duke of Wellington used to say was the acme of generalship.

CUFF COMMENTS

WITH THUMBNAIL SKETCHES BY GEORGE MORROW

By WADHAM PEACOCK.

WHEN Mr. Harry Whitney visited the spot where Dr. Cook said he had hidden the documents proving that he had reached the North Pole, he found nothing there. Not even the elusive Doctor himself.

The British Association announced that the sun is going to be harnessed to do the work of the world. After its disgraceful exhibition this summer, it is quite time it was made to do something.



THE RIVAL THREE.

(Sir James Crichton-Browne has been eulogising "the growth of fried-fish shops in our midst.")

Three are the subjects of comic song,
And the names of them are three.
For the fried-fish joke, and the lodger joke,
And the mother-in-law they be.
Now, two of the number are up in arms,
For Sir James de Crichton-Browne
Has given his benison to the fish
That are fried in London Town.

Now, what has the lightsome lodger done,
Or the mitten mother-in-law,
That the smellful fish should be advertised
As the best of the three to draw?
Nay, good Sir James, of your courteous grace,
Come out of the fried-fish stall,
And give the lodger and mother-in-law
A lift in the music-hall.

Iconoclasts! The Army Council has called for a list of all military statues or memorials in or near London. What are they going to do—mend the roads with them?

Mme. Rozeray, of Briollay, France, has just received a post-card which was posted to her at Streatham ten years ago. The G.P.O. must have forwarded it by cross-Channel swimming express.

The telegrams say that the condition of the Emperor Menelik is still grave. They do not mention, however, whether he has been dead any more.

Hitherto radium has been a very sausage for mystery, but now Mme. Curie has decided that it is really a metal and not a salt. So there's one thing less to worry about.

During a performance of "The Whip" at the Borough Theatre, one of the horses kicked an actor into the orchestra. The passion for realism is spreading even among performing animals.

The Local Government Board is teaching the country guardians how to make a suet-pudding for the workhouse. Its next task will be to teach the pauper inmates how to eat the finished article.

Fashion Notes.—This autumn everything worn by women is to be imitation—sham jewels, sham furs, sham silks, sham laces. Why this sudden excursion to the Palace of Truth?

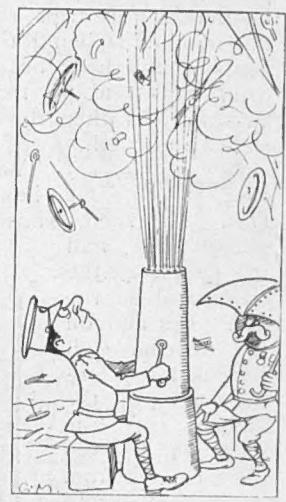
A TRAGEDY OF "WOUNDS."

(A soldier, labelled as "severely wounded," was carried several miles on a hot day by the bearer division, but in hospital was told that the nature of his injuries made food and drink out of the question.)



A valiant man was Private Smith,
Well used to war's alarms:
He volunteered for fearful wounds,
And straight laid down his arms.
So when the stretcher-party came
And learned his stratagem—
A free ride home at their expense—
He had the laugh on them.

They bore him to the hospital,
And there they dumped him down,
And left him to the tender care
Of Colonel-Doctor Brown,
But when the doctor said, "My man,
We'll try to save the limb,
But food and drink are both taboo,"
They had the laugh on him.



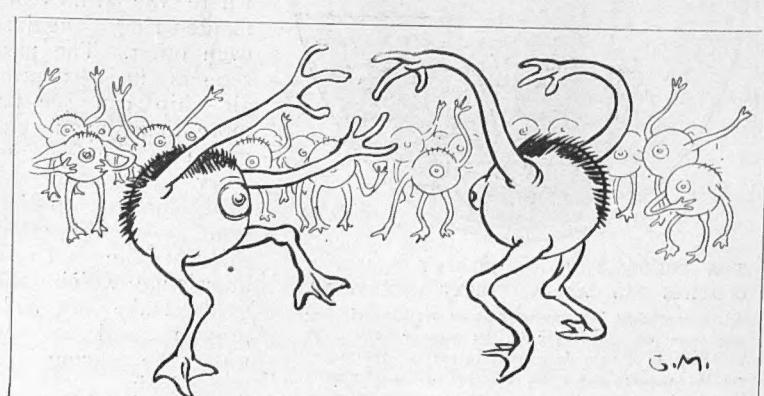
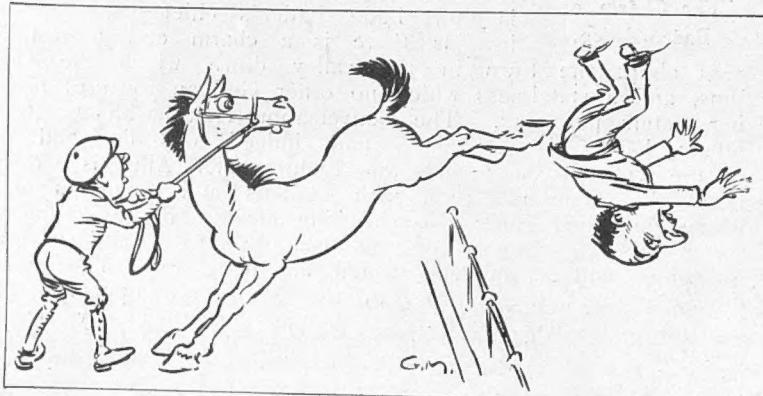
One of these American inventors has built a gun which will shoot ten thousand bullets a minute at aeroplanes. This seems unduly drastic, even for the aeroplane who knocked down the Paris lamp-posts.

One of our instructors says that if we wash our banknotes they will last much longer. What we want to know now is the address of the man who will give more change for a clean fiver than for a dirty one.

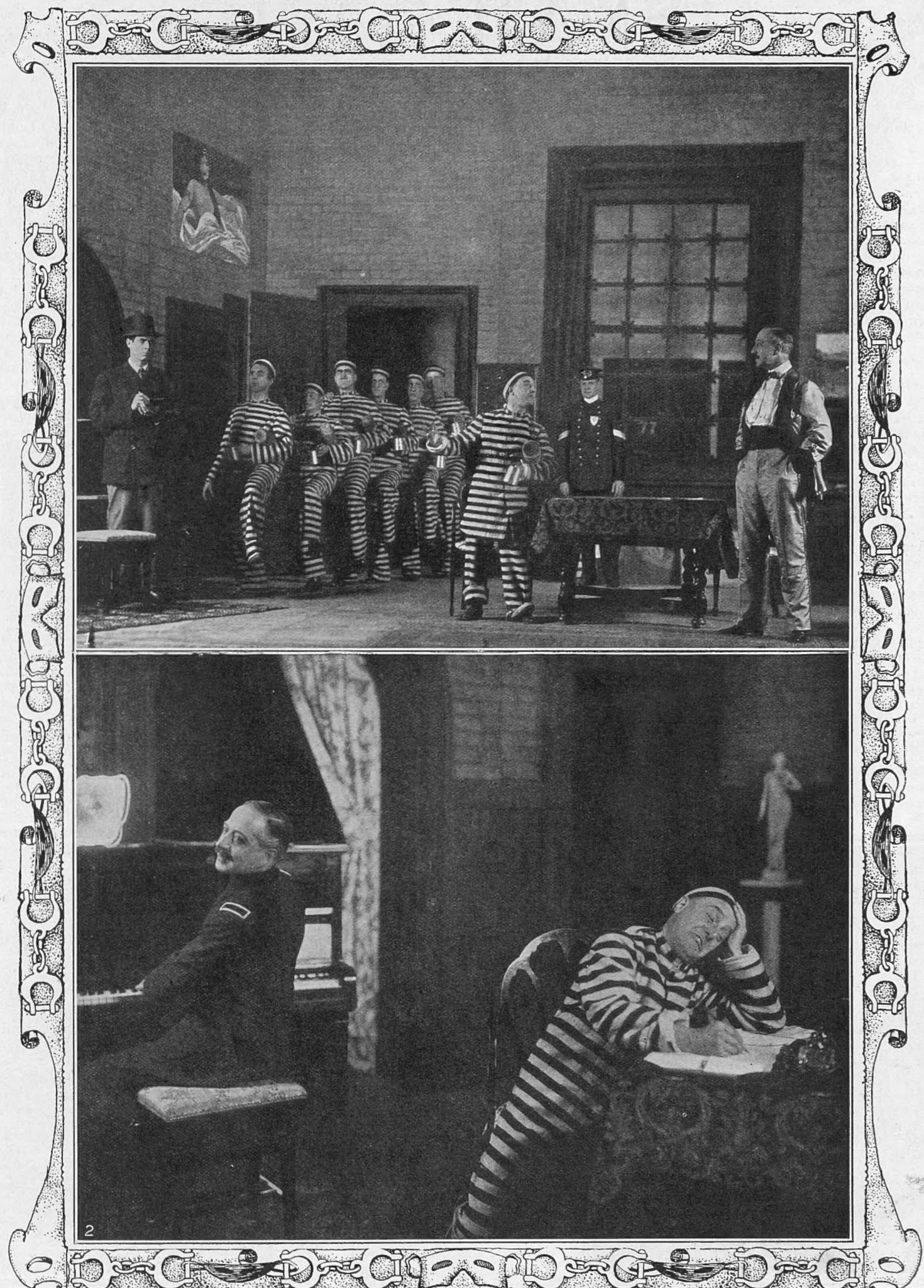


severe lecturing are the Complicated Livers which not all the waters of Germany can reduce to order.

Astronomers report that a first-class row is going on in Saturn, but they cannot see clearly what it is all about owing to the enormous quantity of gas. Probably some professional boxing or wrestling competitions.



CAN YOU DO THE LOCK-STEP? BENJAMIN IN "MEXICO."



1. EXPERTS IN THE LOCK-STEP: PRISONERS IN THE WARDEN'S OFFICE AT BLACKWELL'S ISLAND GAOL.

2. THE DILETTANTE WARDEN (MR. KINSEY PEILE) PLAYS "HOME, SWEET HOME," WHILE HIS PRISONER, BENJAMIN FITZHUGH (MR. STANLEY COOKE), WRITES TO HIS WIFE, WHO BELIEVES HIM TO BE IN MEXICO FOR THIRTY DAYS.

Benjamin Fitzhugh has a fight with a cabman, which gives him thirty days in Blackwell's Island Gaol, an institution presided over by a dilettante warden, who is artist and lady-killer, rather than prison governor. In explanation of his thirty days' absence from home, Benjamin tells his wife that he has gone to Mexico. Hence many complications, and fun that is fast and furious. In marching with the lock-step the prisoners (each holding the shoulder of the man before him) have to raise the left leg a very considerable distance from the ground as they walk. The step was designed that it might be very difficult for any prisoner having a "gun" concealed about him to draw that weapon and shoot straight. Mr. Stanley Cooke is exceedingly amusing as the peccant Benjamin.

SMALL TALK

LORD FINGALL, whose irksome accident keeps him to his room at a time of year when he most desires to be up and about, is less of a courtier and more of a sportsman than many of the ten Earls of his line. We hear of a comparatively recent holder of the title in the letters of a weary lady-in-waiting on Queen Victoria. "I am sick of being beautifully dressed," she writes, "and talking French and running up and down stairs and curtseying. Lord Fingall, the lord - in - waiting, and I agreed yesterday we will not curtsey and bow to each other when we meet at luncheon—having breakfasted together, mind."

At Tyburn Gate. Born in Rome, and a Roman in religion, Lord Fingall spends most of his time at Killeen Castle, and it is from that base that he hunts the County Meath Hounds. A few months ago, he sustained something better than a fall—a windfall, consisting of twelve thousand pounds left him by a man he did not even know. The Countess of Fingall, his wife, who was Miss Daisy Burke, of Danesfield, Co. Galway, is one of the most popular women in Ireland, and prominent in the promotion of home industries. The Earl claims kindred with the venerable Oliver Plunkett, Archbishop of Armagh, martyred at Tyburn in 1681.

Pile, Port, Poets, and Pembroke's sheep, which he upholds against rival breeds, and his 60,000 acres, are not the only interests of his busy life. He makes Wilton carpets with a pile hardly less soft than Wilton pastures. Carpets have only recently been connected with his name. The famous factory near the more famous Wilton House

was about to be closed when he and a few friends intervened and took it over. Much older family traditions rest with its poets and its port - wine, although the Herberts seem no longer to hold the famous recipe for either. One of them was given, many generations ago, into the keeping of an ancestor of the Marquess of Townshend, and since then has again changed hands. It is simple

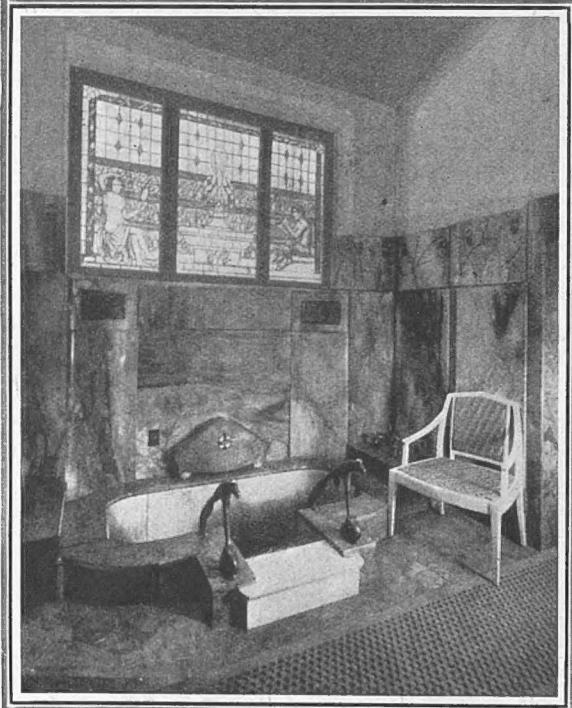
Wilton House. Lord and Lady Pembroke are back at "Pembroke's princely dome," where they intend entertaining a succession of friends. It was at Wilton House that Shakespeare acted with the King's company when, in 1603, the Court and its players were driven from London by the plague. They received, "by way of his Majesty's reward," the sum of £30. Many kings have stayed at Wilton House, but until Sir Edwin Durning-Lawrence

can convince its host that Shakespeare was no poet, kings must take second place in the roll-call of the family's guests. Perhaps Sir Edwin would, at the moment, be too distracting a visitor among parties bent on part-riddes, and armed.

Treasure Islands. Although Lord Fitzwilliam provoked no little uproar in Sheffield the other day, he could meet the British worker on common ground if he and the "B.W." were mutually inclined. Unlike the wearer of a conspicuously perfect dinner-jacket who told an audience at Whitechapel that he wanted "you fellows to know that I do not come from the West End to the East End to be your patron; I come to be your *pel!*" Lord Fitzwilliam is well qualified for a certain degree of fellowship with the boilermaker and the miner. He has put his hand to many jobs, blasting included. It was a bad scalp-wound received when he was shifting rocks in search of treasure in the Pacific Isles, and

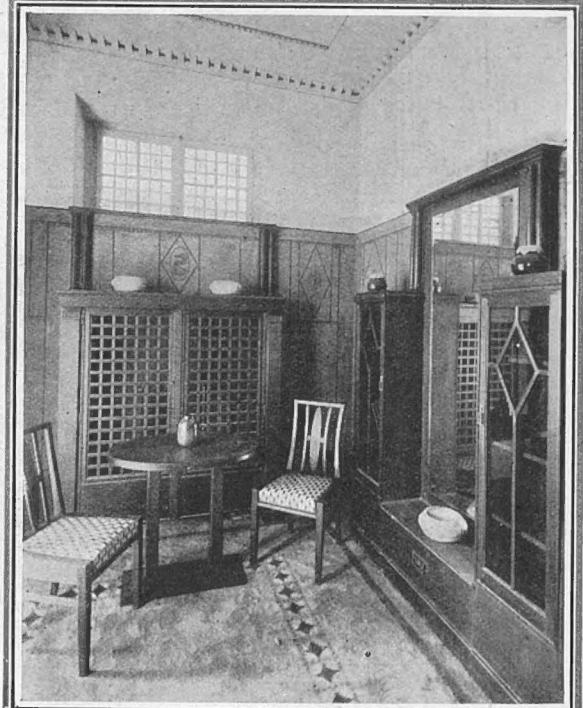
the romantic nature of his errand, that gave rise to a story of a fight between his party and a rival band of treasure-seekers.

Lady Chesham's Engagement. The news of Lady Chesham's approaching marriage to Mr. John Moncreiffe is a welcome promise



WHERE THE TSARITSA UNDERGOES HER "CURE" IN GERMANY: HER IMPERIAL MAJESTY'S BATH-ROOM AT BAD NAUHEIM.

enough: "To make a Hogshead of Port: Twenty gallons of Rough Cider; Thirteen gallons of Bone Carlo Wine; Three gallons of Brandy."



FOR USE OF THE TSAR DURING HIS VISIT TO GERMANY: THE ROOM RESERVED FOR HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY AT BAD NAUHEIM.

band, was killed in the hunting-field. Mr. John Moncreiffe, who is in his fortieth year, and the junior of the still-beautiful Lady Chesham, his fiancée, is the youngest son of the late Sir Thomas Moncreiffe.

"A MARRIAGE HAS BEEN ARRANGED—"



1. MISS OLIVE MARJORIE SCOTT, WHO IS TO MARRY MR. HAMPDEN CARTER.

4. MRS. R. H. BROCKLEBANK (FORMERLY MISS CARISSIMA BLOOD) WIFE OF CAPT. R. H. BROCKLEBANK.

7. CAPTAIN R. H. BROCKLEBANK, WHO MARRIED MISS CARISSIMA BLOOD LAST WEEK.

2. MISS EMILY MARY (MILLY) STARKEY, WHO IS TO MARRY MR. LISTER LISTER-KAYE.

5. MISS DOROTHY CLARA MURRAY, WHO IS TO MARRY COLONEL G. B. HODSON, D.S.O.

8. COLONEL G. B. HODSON, WHO IS TO MARRY MISS DOROTHY CLARA MURRAY.

3. MISS SYLVIA RISLEY, ENGAGED TO MR. ERNEST SQUIRES, R.E.

6. MISS MARY MARGARET NEWTON, WHO IS TO MARRY CAPTAIN HENRY A. LEWIS.

9. CAPTAIN HENRY A. LEWIS, WHO IS TO MARRY MISS MARY MARGARET NEWTON.

Miss Scott is a daughter of the late Mr. Edward Scott, of Donnington House, St. Albans. Mr. Hampden Carter is a son of the late Dr. Carter, of Wellington House, Gloucester.—Miss Starkey is a daughter of Mr. J. F. Starkey, of Bodicote House, Banbury. Her fiancé is Mr. Lister-Kaye, of the Manor House, Stretton-on-Dunsmore, Rugby.—Miss Risley is the daughter of Sir Herbert and Lady Risley. Mr. Ernest Squires is the son of the Rev. R. A. Squires, Vicar of St. Peter's, St. Albans.—Mrs. R. H. Brocklebank is the only child of General Sir Bindon Blood. Her husband, Captain R. H. Brocklebank, is in the 9th Lancers.—Miss Murray is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Murray, of 42, Clanricarde Gardens. Colonel G. B. Hodson is Commandant of the 57th Wilde's Rifles, Frontier Force.—Miss Newton is the daughter of Mr. P. A. Newton, of Oakhurst, Oatlands Park, Weybridge. Captain Henry A. Lewis is in the Royal Garrison Artillery, Shoeburyness.

Photographs Nos. 1 and 2 by Val l'Estrange; 3 by Lallie Charles; 4 and 7 by Beresford; 5 and 8 by Swaine; 6 and 9 by Langfier.

CROWNS: CORONETS: COURTERS

THE King's message to the journalists forges another link in the very natural alliance between Press and Throne. Although he holds no post in Fleet Street, his Majesty supplies more "copy" to the journals than anyone in the United Kingdom. An industrious reader of newspapers, he sees himself at the head of a column every day of the year—a position that he would find tedious were he out of sympathy with the journalist. It was a position at the top of another sort of column to which his grandfather, the Prince Consort, so energetically objected. He refused to stand in effigy in the Park, where, he said, his rides in Rotten Row "would be disturbed by the sight of my own face staring at me."

Royal Readers. King Edward was always keenly interested in the Press. Apart altogether from its treatment of grave Imperial matters, he was

established records in various parts of the country. It was at Lord Lathom's place in Lancashire in 1904 that he passed what is considered the most

record day's score to a single gun had been eighty-two birds. This King George bettered by five, and now Count Clary-Brittoneau has scored 107. Count Clary, who is regarded as one of the first authorities on the *tir de chasse* in France, is a great-nephew of King Bernadotte and Joseph Bonaparte.

The Garter. A Knighthood of the Garter does not necessarily go to a Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, although the high distinction of that post marks its holder as a probable recipient of the other honour. Lord Cadogan received his Garter before he went to Dublin; Lord Londonderry's came to him while he was there, and Lord Crewe's several years after he had left. Lord Aberdeen, it is thought in many quarters, will be served like Lord Londonderry, and no more gratifying tribute to the success of his vice-reign could be proffered. It was Lord



A NEPHEW AND NIECES OF THE QUEEN: CHILDREN OF THE DUCHESS OF TECK.

The Duke and Duchess of Teck have four children—Princesses Victoria and Helena, and Princes George and Frederick. Prince George was born in 1895, Prince Frederick in 1907. The Duchess, who was married in 1894, was Lady Margaret Grosvenor. The Duke is Queen Mary's eldest brother.

Photograph by Speaight.

remarkable day of his career with a gun, for then, as one of an historic party of eight, he headed the list of kills in a total bag of 2190. On the Moy moors the

YOUNGER DAUGHTER OF VISCOUNT HAMPDEN AND GRANDDAUGHTER OF THE DUKE OF BUCLEUCH: THE HON. BARBARA CONSTANCE BRAND.

Photograph by Speaight.

fond of his paper for the sake of the personal paragraph; and Queen Victoria, likewise, was well aware of the more personal aspect of journalism. Appreciating the solace of printed sympathy, she did not hesitate, at the time of the Duchess of Nemours' death, to suggest that Lord Clarendon should bear a hint to the *Times* to insert some words of sympathy for the relatives, as she "knew it would be very soothing to their bleeding hearts." Another notoriously earnest user of the papers is the Kaiser, who never fails to see, besides his two German "dailies," the *Times*, the *Temps*, and the *New York Times*.

More and More that the King's

cord with the gun on the Moy moors has been broken by a Frenchman upsets a long-standing tradition. For many years the phrase, "The Prince of Wales secures the biggest bag," was the commonplace of sporting news, and his Majesty has

ELDER DAUGHTER OF VISCOUNT HAMPDEN AND GRANDDAUGHTER OF THE DUKE OF BUCLEUCH: THE HON. JOAN LOUISA BRAND.

Photograph by Speaight.

Melbourne who said: "I don't know how it is—one ought not, perhaps, to say it—but don't you think those ribbons are rather over-valued?" Other honours may now be held in less regard than they were in Melbourne's time, but the Order of the Garter has never lost its glamour.

Punctuality. General Botha's reference, which reached Lord Kitchener at Balmoral, to "his old friend of war," may have reminded the Englishman of an anecdote which is true in so far as it illustrates the pleasant terms on which he and the Boer waged battle. During one of several fruitless meetings arranged for the discussion of a peace, Botha rose, saying, "I'm afraid I really must be off." "There's no hurry—you haven't a train to catch," observed Kitchener pleasantly. "But that's just what I have," observed the retreating Botha; and when, the next morning, Kitchener heard that a British armoured train had been "held up," he knew what Botha meant.



PRINCESS ALEXANDER OF TECK WITH HER FAMILY.

Princess Alexander of Teck, who was married in 1904, is Princess Alice of Great Britain. The little Prince Maurice, who was born at Esher on March 29 last, died last Wednesday at the Castle of Rheinhardtsbrunn. [Photograph by Speaight.]

OUR WONDERFUL WORLD!



MINING FOR THE DEAD: RAISING A MUMMY-CASE NEAR
THE PYRAMIDS.

Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.



MINING FOR THE LIVING: A SUBMARINE EXPLOSION DURING
NAVAL MANOEUVRES AT LYTTELTON.

Photograph by Sewell.



MINING FOR TRAVELLERS: WORKING ON A "TUBE" IN PARIS.

Our photographs illustrate in interesting fashion three forms of modern mining—digging for mummies, submarine-mining for sea-coast defence, and excavations for a "tube" railway.

THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS

"The Chocolate Soldier."

In "Arms and the Man," as written by Mr. Shaw, Bluntschli described to Raïna the idiotic cavalry-charge led by her hero Sergius, and wound up with a casual reference to the way that hero was pulling his horse. The effect was electrifying, as all will remember who heard it. In the new version at the Lyric Theatre, Bumerli

describes to Nadina the same charge led by her hero Alexis, and mentions that that hero also pulled his horse; and the effect is nil. Which illustrates the difference throughout the play between Mr. Shaw's dialogue and dialogue which skates round Mr. Shaw's dialogue, endeavouring to come as close to it as possible without ever being exactly the same. It is a curious experiment, and one which will not, I hope, be too often repeated. "The Chocolate Soldier" is described as a parody; but it is

not that by any means. Parodies should be witty things, making fun of the original, not taking

THE BENJAMIN FITZHUGH OF "THE MAN FROM MEXICO," AT THE STRAND: MR. STANLEY COOKE.

most of the fun out of it—a "paraphrase" is what, I think, the authors meant to say.

The Music of Oscar Straus. But, of course, the important thing about this new and real comic opera is the music, and here there is nothing to grumble about. Oscar Straus writes real music—original, imaginative, and solid—and by "solid" I mean that the orchestra is not playing mere accompaniments to attractive airs. In fact, of "airs" there are few, though the waltz will, no doubt, prove a popular exception, and will rival the waltzes of "The Merry Widow" and "The Dollar Princess." But the composer does not appear to aim at such popularity; you feel that he is striving, with an artist's conscience, to give expression to the situation, and he usually succeeds. It is for their musical ability, too, that the players are chosen. Miss Constance Drever sings beautifully, and Mr. C. H. Workman discloses a range and suppleness of voice which I had not suspected him to possess, though his gifts as a comedian are not of that independent and spontaneous kind which enables an actor to dispense with an author's assistance. Others who should be mentioned are Miss Elsie Spain, Miss Amy Augarde, and Mr. Tom Shale; and the choruses were quite excellent, if a little loud in tone—a description which also applies to the dresses.

"The Man from Mexico." If taken in the proper spirit, the new farce at the Strand may be found to provide considerable amusement. "New," of course, is not a correct description, for it is old in fact, and old in idea and execution; but it is sufficiently irresponsible to disarm criticism, and it is acted with a vigour which prevents it from becoming dull. Mr. Stanley Cooke, as

our old friend the erring husband who has adventures with the police, is a humourist of resource with a most effective manner. Mr. George Giddens is as popular as ever; and for the leading lady of farce a useful discovery has been made in Miss Ola Humphrey.

"A Woman's Way."

"A Woman's Way," by Thompson Buchanan, is a curious little play. In its scheme it is the most commonplace of farces. When a wife, to assert her position and show her husband what a fool he is, invites the other woman to dinner, knowing that, one after the other, every man present (including the respectable family solicitor) will start with embarrassment and confess that he was the only man who ever called her "Puss," we expect a tiresome evening, for situations like this are of a past age, and do not bear revival. Nor is the position improved by the wife's threadbare device of getting

COMPOSER OF THE HAUNTING MUSIC OF "THE CHOCOLATE SOLDIER": MR. OSCAR STRAUS. Photograph by Dover Street Studios.

a man to pretend to make love to her in order to make her husband jealous. Yet the evening was not tiresome by any means. The subject, unworthy though it was, was treated with freshness and humour, and everything was redeemed by a delightfully human and fascinating performance of the part of the wife by Miss Alexandra Carlisle. The thing was obviously farce, but she was a figure of real comedy in the middle of it all, and if it is only on her account, the play will probably prove a success.

The Grotesques. The success of "The Follies" has very naturally encouraged a company with a programme on very similar lines to test the question whether there is room in London for two such entertainments at once. The Grotesques, at the Savoy, are a clever band, with some excellent songs and a pretty gift for parodying the songs of others; and if only they will not copy Mr. Péliéssier's enterprise quite so closely, they may be able to make a place for themselves.

"The Sins of London."

There is much in a title, even though the title has little to do with the play. Mr. Melville's latest Lyceum production contains one unnecessary and unpleasant scene, which is presumably intended to scourge one of London's sins; otherwise the wickedness therein displayed might be found anywhere—on any Atlantic liner, or in any dark cellar or lady's bed-room. The sins include stabbings and garrottages and chloroformings, and all the other delightful incidents which go to make a Melville drama—with this difference, that there is an unusual quantity of unexciting padding. By this time, however, this has probably been reduced to its proper proportions, leaving in more prominence the clever performance of Miss Auriol Lee.



ON TOUR IN "MARGARET CATCHPOLE"; MISS MABEL HACKNEY (MRS. LAURENCE IRVING) IN MR. WALTER FRITH'S PLAY.

Miss Mabel Hackney is now on tour with her husband, Mr. Laurence Irving, in Mr. Walter Frith's new play, "Margaret Catchpole." It is likely that this will be brought to London.

Photograph by Rita Martin.

DUELING TRICKS: DEVICES THAT MAY GAIN TIME—AND VICTORY.



1. A DUELLIST IN NEED OF A REST DROPS THE POINT OF HIS SWORD TO THE GROUND, AN ACTION WHICH CAUSES THE DIRECTOR OF THE COMBAT TO CALL A HALT WHILE THE SWORD-POINT IS CLEANED.
3. A DUELLIST, KNOWING THAT HE HAS NO CHANCE AGAINST HIS OPPONENT, ALLOWS HIMSELF TO BE TOUCHED ON THE FOREARM, BLOOD BEING DRAWN AND THUS HONOUR BEING SATISFIED.
5. A DUELLIST STAMPS ON ONE OF HIS OPPONENT'S FEET DURING A CORPS-A-CORPS, IN THE HOPE OF CREATING A DIVERSION.

We illustrate, with the aid of two fencers—who posed to demonstrate tricks that they themselves would not deign to use—some of the devices which the duellist who is not too particular may practise on the field of honour to gain time for a much-needed rest or to place his opponent into a dangerous position. With regard to the first trick, it should be said that if the point of a weapon touches the earth, that weapon must be cleaned before the fight proceeds; otherwise the wound that it might cause might lead to blood-poisoning.

2. A DUELLIST IN NEED OF A REST CATCHES THE POINT OF HIS SWORD AGAINST THE GUARD OF HIS OPPONENT'S SWORD, IN THE HOPE THAT THE POINT OF HIS WEAPON WILL BE BENT AND SO A HALT FOR STRAIGHTENING BE NECESSITATED.
4. A DUELLIST FALLS TO THE GROUND, THE POINT OF HIS SWORD UP, IN THE HOPE THAT HIS OPPONENT WILL RUN AGAINST HIS POINT.
6. A DUELLIST IN NEED OF REST PERMITS HIS SWORD TO FALL WHEN HIS OPPONENT'S SWORD BEATS IT, THUS CAUSING A DELAY.

STAR TURNS

"LITTLE TICH."

"POST tenebras lux" would be his appropriate motto were "Little Tich" to design for himself a coat-of-arms, in which, whatever might be on the quarterings, the supports, *dexter et sinister*, would undoubtedly be two big boots *dansant*. The reason for the appositeness of the familiar phrase is that he was for many years a black-faced comedian before he emerged into the light as a white-faced one. Indeed, it was in America that he first looked out upon the audience from the stage in a white make-up. The fact that he knew the musical director at Rosherville Gardens, who was also the musical director at Barnard's Music Hall, Chatham, gave him the opportunity of making his *début* at the latter's benefit.

At length, one evening, when he was "showing" at Gatti's Music Hall, in the Westminster Bridge Road, at a salary of three guineas, the late Tony Pastor, a famous American music-hall manager, saw him, and forthwith engaged him for a ten weeks' season at fifty dollars. American audiences set the seal of approval on the eccentric comedian who danced so wonderfully in the big boots. The result was that he was engaged to do his specialty and play a part in a spectacular version of "Cinderella," called "The Crystal Slipper," which had an amazing success wherever it was played.

In addition to establishing himself firmly as a performer in America, Mr. Tich succeeded in placing his salary at £25 a week. When, at the end of a couple of years, he returned to London and tried to get work, the managers who had previously employed him were amazed at his wanting more than the old terms, and refused to engage him on the new ones. At length he got an appearance at the Empire Theatre, then under the management of the late Sir Augustus Harris, at £12 a week. The first turn was the late little Katie Seymour, one of the finest artists of her time, and the second was Little Tich. Scarcely a soul was in the house when they appeared. The result was that they did not "go well." During the first week Sir Augustus saw Mr. Tich, and wrote to the agent who had made the engagement that the artist was not worth half the money he was being paid, and would have to be dismissed with two weeks' notice. This was in the summer. At Christmas "Little Tich" was playing a footman in "The Babes in the Wood" at Manchester. Sir Augustus went to see the pantomime. As soon as it was over he sent round and engaged "Little Tich" for Drury Lane Theatre for the following pantomime at three times the Empire salary. The opportunity to twit the manager on the Empire incident would have been too great for most men to let slip. There is a streak of strength, however, in the little comedian who is so great a favourite in London, and he refrained from ever giving a hint that he remembered the fact. So well did he "go" at Drury Lane that he was engaged for two more pantomimes. When these engagements

were over, he went back to the halls and put in seven or eight months' work at the London Pavilion every year for seven years. During that time he may be said to have danced himself into the affections of the public. He also greatly lengthened those wonderful boots until they became twenty-eight inches long, and people began to believe he had to rely mainly, if not entirely, on them. That determined him to discard the boots in order to prove that he was capable of other things, and some three years ago he gave up using them. That they have not been forgotten, however, is proved by the fact that only a few nights ago at the Tivoli there was a cry throughout the house for "the big boots."

One of his great effects with the boots was the result of an accident. He leaned too far forward, and thought he was on the point of losing his balance, when he found that the leverage exerted by the length held him up. As it evoked a shriek of laughter, he naturally continued to do it. Similarly, too, the great effect of putting on the boots, which finally ended in their usurping the dance, was due to the fact that in America they objected to the time that was lost while he put them on at the side of the stage. They therefore threw the boots on the stage, and he put them on in front of the audience, elaborating the doing of it until it became the entire show.

Mr. Tich is probably the music-hall artist who has migrated for the longest consecutive time to the ordinary stage—a period of five years. It was the result of certain halls with which he had been in the habit of working wanting to cut his salary down. He therefore got together a syndicate and put on a comedy called "Lord Tom Noddy," which, after being toured in the provinces, was played at the Garrick and went on tour for two years. "Lord Tom Noddy" was succeeded by a play

called "Billy," which ran for a year in the provinces.

Besides England and America, Mr. Tich has a Continental reputation. The proprietors of one of the London halls in which he was acting, happening to own a music-hall in Vienna, asked him to go there to do his act. So greatly did he appeal to the Viennese that he was engaged for Berlin, where he remained so long that he acquired the German language. The same is the case with French. Happening to be in Paris for a holiday, he was offered by the agent who supplied the turns for the Folies Bergère an engagement for ten nights to do the "big-boots" dance and the "ballet-girl" impersonation; and so much was it to the taste of the audience that he was engaged for another season of three months. These engagements were the precursors of others lasting as long as a year at a time.

In this way, having the gift for tongues, he acquired a thorough mastery of French, and now he sings his songs to French audiences in their own language.



THE ALHAMBRA'S FEMINA: Mlle. LEONORA—
HER LATEST PORTRAIT.

Mlle. Leonora's success in the ballet "Femina" has been very great; and without doubt she has added one to her numerous triumphs.—[Photograph by the Dover Street Studios.]



PROVIDERS OF A "WHIRLWIND OF FOOTSTEPS": THE SIX AMERICAN DANCERS WHO ARE APPEARING AT THE PALACE.

A correspondent sends us the following details of the six American dancers: "They provide a whirlwind of footsteps. Their twelve soles can beat as two; and, if necessary, can make sufficient noise to imitate a regiment of soldiers on the march. Roughly calculated, the number of foot-beats during the turn are as follows: minutes to act, 15; bars in score, 779; notes to bar, 16; foot-beats to notes, 4; number of dancers, 6. The results are as follows: each dancer's foot-beats per second, 55; per minute, 3300; during turn, 49,500; total foot-beats for six dancers, 297,000."—[Photograph by Marceau.]

EGG - SIT GEORGE !



THE FIRST EGG - GATHERER : Anything wrong, Bill ?

THE SECOND EGG - GATHERER : Yus ! Me bran'-new rope's bin and busted.

THE FIRST EGG - GATHERER : 'Ard luck, mate ! Anything on the end o' it ?

THE SECOND EGG - GATHERER : No, only old George.

MY FIRST APPEARANCE

II.—MISS GERTIE MILLAR.

I BELONG to the great army of child actors. I was not more than ten years old when I made my first appearance on the stage. Most children who go on the stage do so not merely with the consent of their parents, but in accordance with their deliberate desire. In that I was an exception to the rule. My parents had no idea of my being an actress, and were opposed to it. I had to talk my mother into allowing me to act. I lived in Bradford at the time, and whenever I could get my mother or a friend to take me to the theatre I went. In those days the kitchen-table was my stage, and on it I used to do my dances and sing the songs in which I had seen and heard the real actors and actresses. My mother was always my interested audience of one, and I can recall now her sitting and watching my sister and me play the Wolf and Little Red Riding Hood in scenes from the local pantomime.

One day I heard there was going to be a pantomime, in which the children of the town were to take part. Without saying a word to anyone at home, except my sister, whom I suborned for the purpose, I went off to the manager and got engaged. How I managed to attend all the rehearsals without my people being aware of what I was doing I can't tell. I only know I did it until the day of the dress-rehearsal. Then I had to be in the theatre until twelve o'clock at night. I had to tell then. The result was I was sent to bed instead of to the theatre. I howled. My crying, however, was not of so much avail as the mediation of my sister, who, with a wisdom beyond her years, pointed out to my mother that, as I had gone so far, my absence would cause inconvenience to other people, so she ought to reconsider her determination and let me go. Of course, I was only in the chorus, but on the benefit of the principal boy or the manager we kiddies were allowed to play one scene of the pantomime instead of the grown-up people. By a curious coincidence, the play was "Red Riding Hood," and my success on the kitchen-table inspired me with a desire to play the Wolf, the great reason being, as far as I can remember, that instead of speaking in an ordinary voice, the Wolf had to speak in deep, low, gruff tones. Unhappily, however, when I had persuaded the manager to give me the part, I was late for rehearsals one day. As a punishment, the Wolf was taken from me and I was degraded by having to play Jack Sprat, though what Jack Sprat had to do with Little Red Riding Hood I did not know then, and I am afraid I do not know now. What I do know is that for months I refused to speak to the little girl who played the Wolf.

That little local engagement was like the taste of blood to a tiger. I was dancing from morning till night, and I was singing when I was not dancing. The theatre was everything to me. Those were the days when the hall-mark of the stage was golden hair, and every actress wore it either as the gift of heaven, or through the genius of the peroxide bottle. If I saw a woman in the street with golden hair I always followed her in the hope that she might notice me, and I could ask her to get me into the company; and I was always writing to the managers to the same effect.

I need scarcely say that nobody took any notice of me or my letters. One day, however, I heard of a certain man who was going to take a company on a concert tour for a week to the Town Hall, Pudsey. If you don't know Pudsey you may find it on the map, if it is a good one. Somehow or other, the manager was induced to go to my mother's, and I sang to him, with the result that I was engaged for the week. The engagement was extended, and it was while I was with him that I heard of the engagement in which I made my first regular appearance on the stage, as the Girl Babe in a pantomime of "The Babes in the Wood," at the St. James's Theatre, Manchester.

When I think of the preparation which a musical play involves, it is little less than wonderful to me that I was allowed to play without

having studied my part properly. I had a song in the pantomime, and I knew it thoroughly; but I had only a smattering of the words I had to speak. Still, such is the delightful inconsequence of childhood that I did not trouble in the least. I said whatever came into my head at the time, and gagged my part during the run as if I were an experienced low-comedian. In that pantomime I was initiated into the mysteries of realism. The comedian wheeled me in a "pram" on to the stage. As soon as the "pram" was in the centre of the stage he tipped me over, and I fell out. There was no make-believe about it. I did fall out. The people shouted with laughter, and the comedian was satisfied. It was his business to make them laugh, and he succeeded. He did not pay any heed to the fact that at every performance I had a black-and-blue mark in a different place.

A couple of lines, however, I did know, and, oddly enough, they have remained in my memory ever since. When we were lost in the wood and were very hungry, we had a piece of bread to eat, and I had to pick up the crumbs and say something about—

Crumbs but a few,
Give them to the birdies, Harold, do.
I remember I used to wear a blue dress in that scene, and as I had to sit on the stage, I was always very careful to lift it up and sit on my little petticoat instead of on my

frock. The stage-manager was very angry, and he used to scold me every time I did it; but I thought it was better to stand his scolding than to destroy my dress. You see, my mother had paid for that dress, and I knew I had to be careful of it. Now, however, I would destroy ten dresses rather than be scolded by the stage-manager. My manager pays for the dresses. Perhaps that explains the difference in my point of view.

On that engagement I never got any salary. Still, I did not have any great hardship to undergo, for all of the children playing in the pantomime lived with a matron who looked after us, and our meals, such as they were, were provided for us, so that we were not hungry.

One day the Boy Babe and I escaped from the matron and went for a walk. We happened to stroll by the theatre, and noticed that something was on, so we went in to see what it was. We found there was a matinée, and that two of the other youngsters were playing our parts! Whatever the Boy Babe may have done, I very strongly resented having missed the opportunity of acting that afternoon.

GERTIE MILLAR.



IN THE EARLIEST DAYS OF HER STAGE CAREER: MISS GERTIE MILLAR
AT THE AGE OF THIRTEEN.

Photograph by Parkinson.

THE GENTLE ART OF CONVERSATION.



THE TRUCULENT-LOOKING NAVVY (*breaking an awkward silence*): I once 'ad a dawg summat like that.

THE NERVOUS ARTIST (*affably*): Oh, indeed, how interesting. Yes?

THE TRUCULENT-LOOKING NAVVY: Yus . . . I drownded 'im.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER

TO FAME OVER THE TOMBS OF FAILURES.*

YVETTE GUILBERT crossed the turbulent waters that lie between the grim slums of Despair and the fair cities of Triumph on the jagged stepping-stones that mark the tombs of the Failures. The way was treacherous; the stream below was subtle and swift; the steep banks were wide apart. Many less stout of heart, less conscious of a guiding Hand, less determined to "win through," would have fallen at the very beginning of the journey, dismayed at the perils of the path, frightened by the mocking voices, the exultant laughter that at times broke the contemptuous silence. Yvette Guilbert proved to be of the stuff of which heroines are made. Courage and Necessity urged her forward. She obeyed. The end was good.

In the slums of Despair, she was a child of the attic and the streets. Her mother was reduced to abject poverty soon after her marriage. "There were days when she was without food, without fire, without furniture, without a roof to cover her; days when she had nothing, nothing, nothing except the child she nursed in her arms." "And year in and year out," writes Mme. Guilbert, "I used to see the lamp burning late into the night, while a woman sewed—sewed by the yellow light.... Two solitary figures we made, she and I, isolated on the shores of a lost happiness." Then came a day when the child could help, doing bead-work at home: "We used to get up at seven, and work till eleven at night, and we made on an average three francs a day between us." That sufficed in the summer; with winter came the cost of fire and lighting, and many a time every stick of furniture, save the beds, was sold. So the struggle went on. Mme. Guilbert's mother, shod in a pair of her husband's old boots, plodded through the streets of Paris. "She always carried a large wooden box, and I a bag filled with ladies' hats, and from eight o'clock till midnight we were canvassing for orders, entering every little shop in the slums."

At last little Yvette became a model at a ladies' tailor's, and earned seventy-five francs a month, food, clothing, and lodging. Ill-health compelled her to leave when two months had run their course; the same trouble drove her from a dressmaker's establishment. Next, she tried dressmaking, to find that many a fashionable woman was only too loth to pay her bills. The turning-point seemed to come when Zidler stopped her in the street. He was manager of the Hippodrome, and he offered to give her riding-lessons, to make her the finest horsewoman in Paris, a star of the circus. She refused; but Zidler retained his benevolent interest in her, and, thanks to him and to Edmond Stoullig, her stage début and subsequent appearances at the Bouffes du Nord, on the outskirts of Paris, were followed by an engagement at the Nouveautés at 250 francs a month, buying her own frocks. She was not destined to fulfil her contract. The manager decided that she was no good for his theatre: it was for comedy. She, he said, had got the face of

a tragédienne. So she went to the Variétés, also at 250 francs per month. There she learnt the tricks of the stage, but was not satisfied with her progress. It was suggested to her that she should try the café concert. She determined to do so. She went to the Eldorado. The manageress gave her an audition; thought little of her; but, urged by the clever coloured singers, the Brothers Lionnet, who happened to be present, gave her a three years' contract—600 francs a month for the first year, 700 for the second, and 800 a month for the third. Before the start of this engagement, she sang at the Casino de Lyon, billed as "Yvette Guilbert from the Théâtre des Variétés, Paris." The evening of her appearance came: "I went down to the stage, clad in a superb gown embroidered with delicate pearls, which I had worn in the last piece I played in at the Variétés. . . . My entry was the signal for several ironical remarks, mingled with cat-calls." "She's left her figure in her trunk," was the first cry. "She's as flat as a pancake," was another. She had to leave the stage in the middle of her first song—everyone in the hall was hissing her. They neither understood nor appreciated her methods. Much the same fate was hers at the Eldorado, though the disapproval took a different form. Profound, icy silence greeted her—"a silence that was terribly significant in the case of a Parisian audience." All advised her to give up singing. "You have not the slightest gift for it," they said. But she persisted, persuaded that she would yet obtain a hearing. At the Eden she had a very moderate success.

Liège was the first place at which she triumphed. "You may imagine my surprise when, at my very first song, the entire audience broke out into transports of enthusiasm over poor Yvette. They applauded, stamped

on the floor, and shouted out my name. I had to go on and bow at least ten times, and I had to sing eight songs in all." That was the beginning of the fame that has lasted. Brussels heard her next, at a salary of 100 francs a day. The news of her victory reached Paris, and the Eden put her on to sing at ten o'clock—the "star" hour—though she received but twenty francs a day. She created little enthusiasm, and migrated, under Zidler, to the Moulin Rouge. Weeks passed, no one giving encouragement. Then René Maizeroy saw her, and gave her an article in *Gil Blas*. As a result: "Painters, sculptors, song-writers, poets, the whole of the artistic population of Montmartre flocked to Zidler's Hall, and by so doing 'laid the first stones' of my Parisian reputation." That reputation is now world-wide (even Lyons has received the once-scorned singer with shouts of delight, listening eagerly to the songs it once rejected), an outward and visible sign of a nature that refused to own itself beaten, of an individuality that was very well worth while cultivating. The way was desperately hard, as Mme. Guilbert's book bears eloquent witness, but it was good that it should be taken—so the thousands who will read the famous artist's life-story will agree; and they will be much in sympathy with Mr. Simpson's capital appreciation.



ARMED WITH KNOBBED BATONS WITH WHICH TO RAT-TAT ON THE DOORS: POSTMEN ABOUT TO LEAVE THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AT KINGSTON, JAMAICA, ON THEIR ROUNDS.

It will be noted that the postmen carry short knobbed batons with which to perform 'the rat-tats announcing their arrival with letters. Also, they are armed with umbrellas.—[Photograph by Brennan.]

Crank Cures.



I.— NERVE - BRACING FOR NEUROTICS.

DRAWN BY G. E. STUDDY.



Mr. Gorgonzola's Coup on the Cambridgeshire.

BY NINA BALMAINE.

Tudor Manor, Welshtown.

DEAR MR. FORTESCUE,—Of course you know all about racing: every man does. I am so tired of doing nothing in particular that I am going to buy a set of horses and win the Derby.

How do you start? I never made a bet and have seldom been on a racecourse.

I suppose you think I ought to teach the village girl to sew; but she is above it and plays the piano.

I should love to watch my horse winning, and just think of the fun of taking home the prize!

Do let me hear at once, as I am frantic to begin. One word more—be serious!—Very sincerely yours,

DIANA CLARENDON.

The Albany, Piccadilly, W.

DEAR MISS CLARENDON,—If you are bent on dispersing a fortune in record time, I will not add to the fascination of the danger by attempting to dissuade you; but I must accompany you on your downward path to cushion the catastrophe.

Why not be cautious and commence with half a horse? I am not joking. My friend Dick Gorgonzola, of the Flamingo Theatre, has a nice colt eating stacks of hay because no one will race him. If you take a share he can run in your name.

As Gorgonzola has no time for sport, I should act for him, and be to a certain extent your partner. I had already set myself earnestly to the task of ending my days in peace, and hoped to make a protracted performance of it; but this will alter all my plans.

I have no surplus sentiment about the village maiden. The School Board has brought ignorance within the reach of all, and instead of plying her needle or a broom, she reads the crimson-plush Society romances so copiously circulated for consumption in the servants' hall.—Sincerely yours,

JACK FORTESCUE.

Tudor Manor, Welshtown.

DEAR MR. FORTESCUE,—It will be glorious to race with you! Yes, please buy me half a share in that horse. Then send me a photograph and tell me where I can see him. I love the dear thing already.

I could not sleep last night, and spent the time composing my colours. What do you think of this for a racing jacket?—

A sunset-orange body, lobelia-blue sleeves, and a scarlet cap.

No one else has got them.

Will you register these colours for me? Ought I to send a note to the Stewards of the Jockey Club telling them all about it?

What is the darling horse's name? Please enter him at once for the Derby to win and for a place.—Very sincerely yours,

DIANA CLARENDON.

The Albany, Piccadilly, W.

DEAR GORGONZOLA,—Will you sell a half-share in that colt of yours to Miss Diana Clarendon, a fair young friend of mine who has a raging attack of Turf fever? She is a delightful little lady of twenty summers, and knows as much about racing as a sagacious kitten. I must therefore look after her and keep you both from harm.

Where can the Arab steed be seen and photographed?

Miss Clarendon is wealthy beyond the visions of avarice, and, up to now, seemed fairly well stocked with what passes for common-sense in these days. She is in a perfect frenzy to possess a horse, so make up your mind as immediately as you can and let me hear.

Always yours, JACK FORTESCUE.

The Flamingo Theatre, W.

DEAR FORTESCUE,—I feel a brain-storm coming on when you start exploiting one of your incomparable witches. I told myself emphatically some time ago that I would have nothing more to do with your ladies unless they came with a golden-wedding certificate as evidence of good faith. I have no desire to be ungallant, but I tell you straight I shy at the partnership you suggest. A woman's conscience is too closely related to caprice to be reliable, and she has a divinely insolent way of fitting the blame to the man when

things go wrong. I am not a bit anxious to augment the Noble Army of Martyrs by one. Just bear that in mind, old chap.

If you will guarantee that I am not marooned in some moral quicksand, I will sell a half-share in the colt to Miss Clarendon. We call him "Roosevelt," because he won't face the camera. I sent down a man to take his photograph; but he got the idea that the fellow was going to take his life, and fought like a demon. The man was a fool, and stood gaping like a ventriloquist's dummy instead of snapping the horse when he paused to snort defiance at the machine.

Roosevelt is a three-year-old, and looks good enough to train into a smasher. If your young woman is perspiring with eagerness, you had better trot round to the Jockey Club offices and see about the registration of the partnership.—Yours to all eternity,

DICK GORGONZOLA.

The Albany, Piccadilly, W.

DEAR GORGONZOLA,—You talk so like Polonius that your liver must be on strike; and yet I can conceive no happier creature than a musical-comedy magician. You have only to stamp on an empty stage and instantly there is a flutter of skirts, like the sound of alighting doves, and you are surrounded by hundreds of sumptuous hours. What an Elysian life!

I reluctantly admit that in business a woman loses a great deal of the grace and glamour which make her so bewitching in her own especial sphere. I generally adopt the plan of shutting one eye; I have never ventured to close both concurrently.

As you say, when there is any disaster the lady repudiates all responsibility, and points out, with the indifference of a superior being, what *ought* to have been done, *don't you know!*

I cheerfully promise to keep watch and ward o'er thee.

Always yours, JACK FORTESCUE.

The Albany, Piccadilly, W.

DEAR MISS CLARENDON,—Congratulations! You are the owner of a racehorse. I have arranged details with Mr. Gorgonzola, and registered the partnership.

The colt's name is Roosevelt. I am sorry he is too old to be entered for the Derby—that has to be done when the horselet is no bigger than a gosling. You will have to be satisfied with one of the autumn handicaps this year, and next season you can enter him for all the cups you want.

Roosevelt will have to be properly trained for his engagements. Shall I send him to a good trainer? If you could manage it, the real joy of the sport of horse-racing lies in training the noble animal yourself.

Your racing colours are dazzling; the jockey will look like a glowworm on the horse.—Sincerely yours, JACK FORTESCUE

Tudor Manor, Welshtown.

DEAR MR. FORTESCUE,—You can be an angel when you like. Thank you so much. Of course Roosevelt must be trained here. I should die if I didn't see him every day, so please send me a good trainer.

Then I want a smart jockey, a boy who has ridden lots of winners, you know. He shall have a nice little cottage and a good motherly woman to look after him. I will order a box of boy's books for him, and he can go to church with the servants.

I am madly in love with Roosevelt already, and am going to comb his mane every morning myself. I hope he will never be beaten in my colours: that would be dreadful.

Very sincerely yours, DIANA CLARENDON.

Tudor Manor Farm, Welshtown.

DEAR MR. FORTESCUE,—Can you drop a hint to Miss Clarendon as to my responsibility as trainer? She is such a charming young lady that I don't know how to explain the matter without running the risk of offending her. She is so fond of Roosevelt that he follows her about like a dog, and she gives him sugar and fruit after his gallops. He has grown cunning, and won't do his best unless he sees her waiting for him.

The colt is a real smasher at a mile, and they cannot weight him out of the Cambridgeshire. He was not fit as a two-year-old, and

[Continued overleaf.]

FROM OUR ARTISTS' SKETCH-BOOKS.



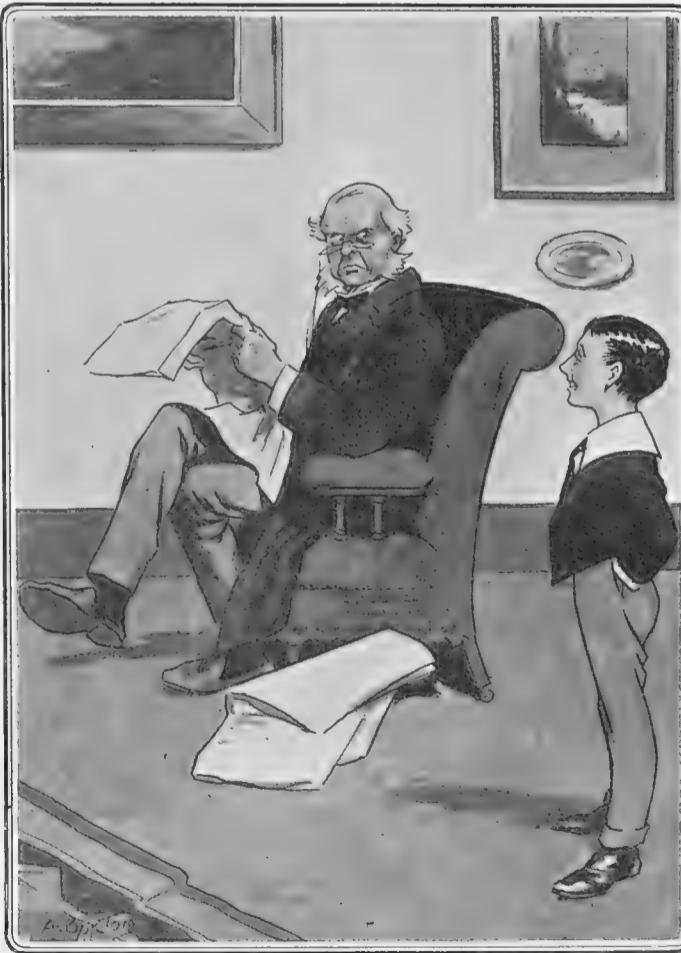
THE GENTLEMAN IN THE WATER: Hi! Hi! I'm drowning! Drop me a line!
THE GENTLEMAN ON THE BANK: Wot's the use? There ain't no post-office
where you're going!

DRAWN BY G. C. SIMMONS.



MR. BROWN: You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Mrs. Jones,
chasing a poor little dog like that.
MRS. JONES: It ain't the dog I'm after; it's the saucepan.

DRAWN BY J. MACWILSON.



BOBBY: I say, dad—

DAD: What is it now? Can't you let me have a minute's peace?
BOBBY: I only wanted to ask you if a near-sighted man could have
a far-away look in his eyes.

DRAWN BY A. BURTON.



McTAVISH (who is in need of a drink during "close" time): Brandy,
landlord! Quick! There's a man deelin' doon the road.
THE LANDLORD: I canna do it; there's only a beer license here.
McTAVISH (eagerly): Weel, weel, beer'll do!

DRAWN BY HARRY LOW.

on that form must get in very light. I am certain there is a fortune in him if he is properly managed.—Yours faithfully, JOHN SPEED.

The Albany, Piccadilly, W.

DEAR MISS CLARENDON,—Speed tells me that Roosevelt is a splendid colt, and good enough to win any race, if you don't spoil him. You appear to be demoralising the horse and the trainer too! He fears to offend you, and I must beg that the animal's rations of caramels be stopped. Of course, any cajolery which will induce him to give his best running is all right, but the judge will hardly permit you to stand at the winning-post with an epergne of fruit to encourage Roosevelt to come in first.

We ought to have a trial soon. Do you propose to test him with a pigeon or an aeroplane?—Sincerely yours,

JACK FORTESCUE.

Tudor Manor, Welshtown.

DEAR MR. FORTESCUE,—How ridiculous you men are! I have just been scolding Mr. Speed for not telling me I was doing wrong. I like him very much, and he always lets me have my own way. He now wants a good horse to lead Roosevelt in his work. I told you at first to buy me a set of horses, but I suppose you forgot.

Mr. Speed said he would prefer an "aged" horse; but please don't send one too aged, because they look so sad.

I am not going to bet at all. I hate the idea of associating my pet with gambling. Besides, I do not want the money—the glory is quite enough for me.—Very sincerely yours,

DIANA CLARENDON.

The Albany, Piccadilly, W.

DEAR GORGONZOLA,—Among other agreeable vices, you appear to possess the gift of prophecy. Speed says Roosevelt is what you predicted—"a smasher." He counsels us to go for the Cambridgeshire. I bought Pencilitis and Exposed, two good handicappers, to try our horse with and cheer him in his winding-up gallops.

To adopt the irritating euphemism of the sporting papers, I have "approached" (!) Croucher the jockey as to his riding Roosevelt in a trial, and also in the race. The imperial pigmy promised to consider my petition! You have to address these fellows as if you were a curate asking a patron for a living. It rather gets on my nerves, but owners have brought the humiliation on themselves. The servant when he reigneth can be an ingeniously offensive individual, and the sport of kings must eventually go to the wall under such conditions.—Always yours,

JACK FORTESCUE.

Tudor Manor, Welshtown.

DEAR MR. FORTESCUE,—I had a most amusing experience with Croucher the jockey. I expected to see a small boy with submissive manners. Just imagine my feelings when two huge cars came tearing up to the house. A frightfully over-dressed mannikin jumped out of the first and offered me his hand. I was frozen with astonishment, and simply stared at him. He drew himself up to his full three feet nothing, and announced that he was "Mr. Croucher." I said "Really?" and looked at the occupants of the second car. He told me they were his secretary and valet.

Mr. Speed was so awfully polite that I asked him to explain, and was astounded to hear that owners and trainers are practically at the mercy of their jockeys. Of course I could not be on familiar terms with such people, and one of the stable lads must ride Roosevelt. I thought an owner was quite a personage, you know.

Very sincerely yours, DIANA CLARENDON.

The Albany, Piccadilly, W.

DEAR MISS CLARENDON,—I quite forgot to warn you of the inflated manners and dilated dignity of the modern jockey. He has an income considerably in excess of an Archbishop's, and has more followers in the secular world than his Lordship has in the spiritual; and when they die, both are remembered by their probates.

Racing is now largely dominated by men deficient in birth and education. They regard a horse simply as a gambling-machine, and it pays them to be popular with jockeys, stable-hands, and other authentic sources of information. I have seen this class of owner win the best race of the year without showing any manly emotion towards his gallant horse.

By all means let one of Speed's boys ride Roosevelt; it will make your victory all the sweeter.—Sincerely yours,

JACK FORTESCUE.

Tudor Manor Farm, Welshtown.

DEAR MR. FORTESCUE,—I stripped Roosevelt and Pencilitis this morning, and put in Exposed, with a light boy up, to bring them along at top speed all the way. Roosevelt made hacks of them, and won the trial by ten lengths. This makes him an absolute certainty for the Cambridgeshire. I laughed when I saw the weights. This is the softest thing our horse will ever have in his life; he could stop to be photographed in the middle of the race, and then win.

You will have to back him quietly before the paddock critics see him, for they will soon spot him as the winner on his looks and style alone. He will be at his very best on the day.

Yours faithfully, JOHN SPEED.

The Albany, Piccadilly, W.

DEAR GORGONZOLA,—What do you say to landing a coup on the Cambridgeshire, based on the enclosed letter from Speed, the trainer of Roosevelt?

I meditate a mild plunge, but I think we had better keep this phase of the sport to ourselves, as Miss Clarendon is dead against making the horse the medium of a gamble.

Croucher foolishly drove down to see her with a retinue of retainers, and she was furious. I have explained that a crack jockey always travels with a secretary, a valet, a Gold-Whip-in-Waiting, and a member of the Pharmaceutical Society to compose his meals.

The horse will be ridden by a boy whose name on earth is Binks. There is no risk, Speed says, as the horse is warranted to dart like an arrow from the starting-gate to the judge's box.

How much do you want on?—Always yours, JACK FORTESCUE.

The Flamingo Theatre, W.

DEAR FORTESCUE,—By all means let us have a go for the Cambridgeshire; a rousing win over that race would do us all good.

I am not going to risk enough to send me into a decline. Just put me on £500 to win and £250 for a place. We ought to get forties, as Roosevelt has not yet had a quotation in the market.

It is quite as well that Miss Clarendon has a soul above betting. I haven't. We can lose our money without prancing off to drown ourselves. A woman takes that sort of loss like a bereavement—worse, I think!

I shall invest my winnings in a yacht. I want something safer than a balloon to carry me beyond the postal radius when I take a holiday.—Yours to all eternity,

DICK GORGONZOLA.

The Albany, Piccadilly, W.

DEAR MISS CLARENDON,—Your charming Roosevelt appears to be a certainty for the Cambridgeshire, which is the principal race of the autumn.

I am glad you do not want to bet. Gorgonzola and I will have a few shillings on as a sort of silver lining to the cloud of suspense we shall be under till the judge announces that you have won.

Next year you must go for the gold cups. If ladies take to racing in great numbers the authorities will have to change the prizes to tiaras and tasseaux!

I am coming with you to Newmarket. You will want a phlegmatic person to prevent you from pulling the jockey off the horse to kiss him before he weighs in! That kind of reward, however agreeable to Binks, would cause the horse to be disqualified; so pray be careful.

I am sorry poor Gorgonzola is too busy to leave London even for a few hours.—Very sincerely yours,

JACK FORTESCUE.

Tudor Manor, Welshtown.

DEAR MR. FORTESCUE,—I am fearfully excited about the race, and dream every night that I see Roosevelt beaten by a horse with a horrible grinning demon on its back.

Mr. Speed says it is impossible for us to lose. How I long for it to be all over! I never thought it would affect me like this. Then there seems so little to gain. I wish we were trying for a gold cup that we could show to people: money seems such a stupid thing to run for.

Of course, you must come to Newmarket; I shall die of fright if you don't.—Very sincerely yours,

DIANA CLARENDON.

TELEGRAM.

To Miss CLARENDON, Newmarket.

Exceedingly regret confined to room with attack of influenza. Be brave—there is really nothing to fear. Wire me news of victory.

JACK FORTESCUE.

(By Express Messenger.)

Flamingo Theatre, W.

DEAR FORTESCUE,—What the deuce has happened to Miss Clarendon and the horse? The latest paper says—

"CAMBRIDGESHIRE.—All probables run except Roosevelt."

If you were not in bed I'd say several things that may not occur to me later on. Your women are a postscript to the limit, and yet you praise the capricious creatures as if a fellow ought not to keep his hat on in the same parish with them.

Of course, I don't care twopence about the money I have lost, but I tipped Roosevelt to my company as a gilt-edged certainty, and they are all on at 25 to 1. Now they won't even get a run for their money.

Forgive my temper, old chap, but just imagine sixty chorus-girls temporarily in heaven, and then think of the reception in store for me to-night. When they have done with me, I shall look like the débris of a once decent man.

I feel solemnly sick. If I had time to be ill, I have enough symptoms on me now to cause a riot in Harley Street.—Yours to all eternity,

DICK GORGONZOLA.

TELEGRAM.

Miss CLARENDON to Mr. JACK FORTESCUE.—Dreadfully upset. The strain was too much. I scratched my half of the horse. Then the Stewards refused to let him run in Mr. Gorgonzola's name.

THE END.

THE COUNTY GENTLEMAN

WE have reached the season when the doings of the poacher are a matter of considerable concern both to the game-keeper and his employer. This fact, brought home to me by the passing along the road in a policeman's care of an elderly and unprepossessing gentleman who has long been a stranger to soap and water, has set me thinking of some of the poachers I have met since the days when first I was tenant of a shooting. The picture of the poacher drawn by dramatist or novelist seldom seems to me to possess the qualities of first-hand knowledge. As a rule he is pictured as a Claude Duval of the woodlands, or as a frowsy, drunken Russian, whose passage across the line of a fox would turn the pack off the scent. As I have met him—from Kent to Perthshire and from Pembroke to Norfolk—he has not stood for either portrait. The veteran who has just gone townwards was a gipsy, whose "useful dog" was so indiscreet as to come running up with a rabbit as the policeman was passing. The penalty, if any be exacted, will, one hopes, be as trifling as the offence.

In the month of September 1893 I was sitting on a gate overlooking some root-fields on my newly acquired shooting, when an elderly man, dressed largely in moleskins very frayed and worn, came from the lane near by and asked for "largesse." I think the pleasure of hearing the old word on the lips of one who looked to be an East Anglian peasant, to say nothing of my sense of newly acquired dignity, was largely responsible for my prompt response. I regret to say that the recipient of my half-crown spat upon the coin before he transferred it to his pocket, not in contempt or derision, but, as he explained later, for luck. Then he introduced himself as "Endway Bill," that is to say, Bill who lived in the Endway, as the little row of cottages at the far end of the village was called.

I knew him already by repute as the most determined poacher in the district, a man popularly supposed to work by night and sleep by day, one who could call the wild pigeons to him from a cover near the wood-side, imitate the harsh notes of the pheasant, and, lying on the top of a bank, catch rabbits with his bare hands as they came to and from the earths. He had the impudence to congratulate me upon having responded readily to his appeal. " Didn't," he added (using that portmanteau word in the sense of "If you had not done so"), "I'd ha' took a pound's worth o' stuff from ye any night." Greatly struck by this original note, I entered into a long conversation with him, and he waxed vainglorious over the records of a lawless career. He had been in gaol a dozen times, but bore the Law no ill-will, and he said enough to convince me that the sight of game had the same effect upon him as a bottle of spirit would have upon a dipsomaniac. He said he

was now a reformed character, though in this, I fear, he lied. Finally, he asked me to employ him when I went out by myself.

The shoot was a large rough one, with almost unlimited ground game, a good head of partridges, a very few wild pheasants, and an occasional snipe, wild duck, or woodcock. For keeper I had hired a man from the village, who undertook to go over the place twice a day; and only when friends came down to join me in the partridge-driving was it necessary to seek more assistance. So I accepted the strange man's offer, much to the scandal of the neighbourhood, and he proved an amusing and instructive companion enough. He taught me many of the tricks of his trade, and through his teaching I have been able to keep other and better shootings comparatively free from poachers.

I remember one day, when out ferreting, a rabbit bolted along a high narrow bank at a moment when I had laid my gun aside to stroke the retriever for a very smart piece of work. " May I?" shouted my assistant, and almost as soon as I had shouted back " Try," the gun flashed to his shoulder and the rabbit was head over heels forty measured yards away, shot clean behind the ears from an angle that few men would have fired from.

Another time, late in the afternoon, when I was missing pigeons in a high wind as they came to a spinney, he asked me to let him try, and grassed three out of four, all high birds, giving them the big allowance for wind and pace that I could not bring myself to make. Yet he told me, and I think it

was the truth, that he had seldom used a gun, because it made too much noise. He preferred traps or snares, which he called "yokes," with which he caught many a stoat, rat, and weasel for me. All through the season he served me well, but in March his landlord gave him notice to quit, and he told me, when I saw him for the last time, that he was going into another county, where there were pheasants in plenty, there to resume his old ways. I asked him why he did not seek a job as under-keeper and strive to run straight; but he told me that nobody would trust him, adding, " And I doubt they're right."

When he had gone, I was assured in the village that he had taken scores of rabbits off the land; but it does not follow that this is true, for in the average country village every man's tongue is an Ishmael warring against all neighbours. He was wasted as a poacher; a man with his field and wood lore would have been invaluable on a game-preserve if he could have played

MARK OVER.



THE TSAR'S HEIR AS A PASSENGER ON A BICYCLE:
HIS IMPERIAL HIGHNESS AND HIS WHEEL.

It will be seen that the little Tsarevitch has place on a seat in front of the handle-bars.—[Photograph by Schmidt.]

Another time, late in the afternoon, when I was missing pigeons in a high wind as they came to a spinney, he asked me to let him try, and grassed three out of four, all high birds, giving them the big allowance for wind and pace that I could not bring myself to make. Yet he told me, and I think it



THE "SKETCH" PRIZE PHOTOGRAPH OF THE SAND COMPETITION ON BOSCOMBE BEACH:
"BRITANNIA."

It will be remembered that "The Sketch" offered a prize for the best photograph of the Sand Competition held on Boscombe beach on the 17th of last month. This prize—a silver inkstand—has been awarded to Mr. J. Howell, of Inglewood, Hawkwood Road, Boscombe, for the photograph reproduced above.—[Photograph by J. Howell.]

the honest game. Most poachers are drunkards; this man never drank anything, and I am inclined to believe that his abstinence was one of the prime causes of his unpopularity, for in some parts of the country poaching is regarded by the villagers as a venial offence, temperance as a deadly sin.



BY HENRY LEACH.

American Visitors. One of the things that have impressed me most during my wanderings on many courses during this dying holiday season is the number of American golfers who have been over here doing a kind of grand tour of the foremost British links. The excellent people to whom I refer have not been ordinary American travellers "doing Europe" in general and just taking a little golf by the way for fresh air and exercise, but men over from the States specially for golf and for hardly anything but golf. I have been encountering these men in numbers everywhere, and for the most part have found them to be the most desirable companions, anxious in a humble spirit to learn all that there is to learn about British golf and golfers, and to assimilate the true idea of the game to the best of their ability. This is very much like saying that these American golfers are not at all the kind of people that some others make them out to be, and that is the fact. I am not suggesting that the ordinary American is not a splendid fellow when I say that in a fairly extensive experience I have found the American golfer to be more than a shade better than the average of his countrymen; and one of them who found me out on the East Coast lately—well recommended to me by various worthy golfers of the great Republic—explained in the course of conversation that he thought most seriously that the game was having some effect upon the American character, and would have more as it became even more popular and general than it is at the present time. There is no doubt that golf does tend very strongly to the cultivation of certain qualities of character and temperament in a man, even if, as is so often said against it, it is a "selfish" game. It demands and encourages determination, perseverance, patience, and humility, and the good and enthusiastic golfer must necessarily be a good sportsman and a very decent fellow in the best sense.

The Grand Tour of Golf. So my guest told me that he felt that golf was doing America a great deal of good, and that was why he did not wish to see any difference of rules between British and American golf such as might ultimately lead to some kind of a new game being established in the States which might be lacking in all the simple but glorious features of the old one. It is getting to be the way that American golfers of the more advanced and thorough kind, who possess some money and much enthusiasm, recognise the grand tour of British links, from Sandwich and Westward Ho! to

St. Andrews and Troon, as the proper cap to their golfing education; and it does not seem such an extravagant idea if we pause to think for a moment about what our own position would be if we had but moderate courses here at home, and all the best things in links were to be found on the other side of the Atlantic, and there alone. There would be many bags of clubs taken across there in the summer-time. Whether, in such an event, we should be the equals of the Americans in nipping about from course to course, gathering good rounds in every county, I do not know. The way these men do get about from links to links when they are over here is most prodigious. I have found that some of the most enthusiastic of them take possession of a high-powered motor-car on arrival for golfing purposes only, and the other day I found one such who in three weeks had seen much more of golfing Britain than the average British golfer sees in six years. Yes; I mean six years at least. Not one per cent. of living British golfers have played on five of the six championship courses, as this man had done.



WINNER OF THE SOUTH OF IRELAND CHAMPIONSHIP:
DR. G. R. GIRDLESTONE, OF OSWESTRY.

Dr. Girdlestone won the sixteenth South of Ireland Golf Championship the other day, beating Mr. S. H. Fry, of Felixstowe, in the final round by four and two. Both Dr. Girdlestone and Mr. Fry have competed unsuccessfully in the event on previous occasions. Dr. Girdlestone, it may be said, was born at Oxford in 1881, was educated at Charterhouse and at New College, Oxford, and in 1904 played for Oxford versus Cambridge. He holds the record for Royal Wimbledon (73).

Photograph by Sport and General.

wherein quite the mushroom style. There is a general impression that the course I have named at Llandudno is the best in that district, but I felt much less sure about it after playing at Rhyl. The latter misses a little in sea-views and scenery, but it is a good course, despite the inlandish appearance that is attached to the finishing holes.

The first one is excellent, and predisposes you at once in favour of the course, full seaside quality; and there is a rather short two-shot hole some three or four holes out where you drive over the crest of a hill, and then manœuvre for a green that is tucked away in a pretty little corner of the sand-hills, which is quite delightful golf. A word to the Welsh clubs in general: Put up some better club-houses. You are losing something in this way.



THE KAISER'S ONLY BROTHER AS GOLFER IN ENGLAND: PRINCE HENRY OF PRUSSIA PLAYING ON SCARBOROUGH LINKS.

Prince Henry played on the Scarborough Links the other day while on a visit to Lord Londesborough.

Photograph by Foxton.

THE WHEEL AND THE WING

Where Are Those Threatened men live long, and so do threatened
Engines Now? but established inventions. Take the case of
Silent Knight engine, which was first scouted (even in the

(the drums now being lined cast-iron), and, last but not least, the carburettor has been silenced. A six-cylinder Arrol-Johnston—just the 15·9-h.p. plus another pair of cylinders—is being put upon the market.

Aero and Car Engines.

intended the report of the Government Advisory Committee, or rather that part of it, from the brilliant pen of Mr. F. W. Lanchester, dealing specifically with aero-engines—very rightly suggests that, for reliability at least, the present aero-engines cannot compare with a good car-engine, which will run for long periods without anything in the shape of adjustments or resittings; while the aero-engine has for the most part to be almost rebuilt after any very strenuous effort. The wonderful tests to which the Daimler Silent Knight engines were submitted, and from which they so triumphantly emerged, are cited as singular, and not representative of the whole of the remaining best petrol-engines. This may be, but it seems to the writer that in all these discussions the performances of the three Napier engines, when Mr. S. F. Edge and two colleagues drove for twenty-four hours, all averaging over sixty miles per hour throughout, at Brooklands, are curiously overlooked.

Plucky Promoters. The financial loss which would appear to be the inevitable accompaniment of an aviation meeting does not, apparently, frighten others from similar ventures. Maybe the success of the Leopardstown meeting has put heart of grace into many, for

I note that Folkestone arranged to have its flying from the 19th to to-day (the 21st) on the Westenhanger Racecourse, and Doncaster again contemplated something of the kind between the 19th and 24th. There was something more than luck behind the success of the Irish function. It was realised in Dublin that here was an undertaking financed and managed by Irish capital and brains without the interference of the hated Saxon, and all the countryside made up its mind that the thing should be a success. By one or two of the Irish papers the success of the meeting was instanced to show the capacity of Irishmen for Home Rule. I wonder how many Home Rulers were concerned in the management.

[Continued on a later page.]

AN AUTOMOBILE CANNON DESIGNED TO BRING DOWN AEROPLANES AND DIRIGIBLES: THE NEW FRENCH ARMY WEAPON DIRECTED AGAINST MR. LATHAM'S MACHINE.
A notable feature of all the modern military manoeuvres is the use of aeroplanes and dirigibles. Of at least equal interest are the special weapons designed to bring the scouts of the air to ground. The automobile gun adopted for the purpose by the French army is here shown in position for firing. It is said that the authorities attach greater value to the ordinary field-gun mounted on a motor-car of special construction than to the quick-firing gun.—[Photograph by Branger.]

country of its origin, where they are presumed to take kindly to notions), and then imitated—I had almost said pirated—*ad nauseam*. Single sleeves, inside and outside the cylinder, rotating sleeves, reciprocating sleeves—all sorts and conditions of sleeves followed fast, and followed faster on the Knight success. And all were improvements, all were to succeed where the Knight failed or would fail, and more. And yet, to paraphrase Hans Breitmann, "Where are those engines now?" There is not one upon the market, or, so far as the present scribe has knowledge, is there likely to be. The weak imitators have petered out, and the Silent Knight stands alone. However, there is still the show in November. What may it not bring forth?

The 1911 Arrol-Johnston. Since the day of freak-making was left behind, the Arrol-Johnston Company, of Paisley, under the direction of a most able automobile engineer, who had already won his spurs in France, as also in this country, have put out an up-to-date automobile, which, both with engineers and the public, has found favour wherever it has appeared. The 15·9-h.p. Arrol-Johnston embodies some of the best points of Anglo-French practice, while the attention given to workmanship and material is what might be expected in a machine produced hard by the greatest engineering centre in the world. In the 15·9-h.p. Arrol-Johnston for 1911 no significant departure in design is noticeable; but, while keeping next season's chassis uniform with its predecessors, certain improvements have been effected. The driving bevel-wheel spindle now runs in a tail-bearing, the live axles are made with hexagonal ends, the gear-box now takes a counter-shaft brake, the change-speed lever comes inside the body, the rear crank-shaft bearing has been lengthened, water-jackets and inlets have been augmented, the magneto-drive has been shortened, the front-wheel brakes re-designed

A LADY RIDING A MAN'S MOTOR-CYCLE: MISS M. HIND TAKING A CORNER DURING THE COVENTRY AND WARWICKSHIRE MOTOR-CYCLE CLUB CLIMB AT WILLESLEY.

Miss Hind, who rode a 5-h.p. Rex, was awarded a special prize.—[Photograph by Topical.]



A HEARSE DRAWN BY A TRACTION-ENGINE: A REMARKABLE FUNERAL CORTÈGE ON ITS WAY TO ST. GERMAN'S CHURCHYARD, ROATH, CARDIFF.

The late Mr. John White, of Cardiff, the father of a local amusement caterer, expressed a wish on his deathbed that he should be drawn to his last resting-place by his son's traction-engine. This engine, therefore, was attached to the hearse. It was adorned with flowers; crepe was on the wheels; and in front was a floral design of the Prince of Wales's feathers within a heart. It need hardly be said that great crowds assembled to witness the funeral.—[Photograph by Topical.]

CRACKS OF THE WHIP

BY CAPTAIN COE.

Autumn Handicaps. It is a pity that the presence of Bronzino in the Cesarewitch, with only 7 st. 12 lb. to carry, is very likely to spoil the race. It will be remembered that, when this horse won at Newbury from Lonawand, his owner, Mr. James de Rothschild, was heard to say, looking towards Tattersall's, "Had I only known, I would have made those fellows squirm." Well, according to all accounts, he did not back the horse for the St. Leger, and if he wants to support Bronzino for the Cesarewitch, it will be a case of having to buy money. Indeed, to show what cowards the bookmakers are, they refuse to lay any price at all for large amounts against the St. Leger second. But I, for one, am not so sure that Bronzino could successfully stay the Cesarewitch distance. Further, Laughing Mirror is trained in

the same stable, and must be reckoned with. It may be that the pair will be tried together and the better of the pair be entrusted to represent the stable. I am told that The Nut and Pure Gem are fancied by their owners, and that Elizabetta is the best of A. Taylor's lot, while somebody has backed Rock Lane in the Continental lists. The latter is the property of Mr. Leopold de Rothschild, and as a two-year-old the colt was very smart. He is trained by T. Cannon junior at Irlam. I am still of opinion that the Cambridge-

BACCHUS AND HIS STEED: A STATUE THAT HAS CAUSED A SENSATION IN DRESDEN.

This curious Bacchus mounted on a donkey has just been placed in position at the new Parliament House in Dresden. It has caused a sensation—possibly of thirst.—[Photograph by Topical.]

shire will be the race of the year, and the winner should take a lot of finding. The Story is supposed to be a rod in pickle for the big handicap. He is an awkward-looking animal, but is a fine mover. Last year's second, Mustapha, has a big chance, while Atty, with 7 st. 4 lb., is not out of it. This horse is trained by Persse at Stockbridge. The Duke of York Stakes at Kempton have not attracted a big acceptance, but quality should be well represented in the field. At 8 st., Hayden, a winner over the course, is fancied, and Highness, trained by A. Taylor, is not out of it. If Sunbright would only try I think the prize would go to Beckhampton.

Refreshments. One notices that very few racing men go in for strong drink, during business hours at any rate. The whisky-and-soda brigade have gone; the champagne-tipplers are going; and although American bars do a good trade on some of the racecourses, the majority of sportsmen go in for neat minerals and tea. It is therefore necessary, in the interests of shareholders, to say nothing of visitors, that good mineral waters and tea should be supplied at a cheap rate. One gentleman was charged ninepence for a small bottle of soda-water at Doncaster, which is steep, to say the least of it. I remember when soda was given free to all purchasers of whisky at Goodwood, where water of pure quality was unobtainable. A well-known Turf follower said to me the other day, "Democracy will prevail at racing"; and he added, "Of course, I mean democracy sober." Just so; the hardened racegoer has come to discover that if you would last at the game you must eschew strong drink. I remember many years ago the late Mr. Abingdon Baird asking a well-known professional backer to join him at lunch at a Metropolitan meeting. The backer said, "Squire, much as I like you, I really cannot afford to. I came here not to munch pigeon-pie, but to get my winter's keep, and the

two games will not synchronise." There is, it is true, one owner who has drunk his two bottles of port per day for many years, and I believe does so now, but he is a remarkable exception, and it is greatly in his favour that he is seemingly gout-proof. But the majority of owners, trainers, and backers find that the less they have to eat or drink on the course the better they do their work. Take the case of a successful professional backer who drinks ginger-beer only; another has claret-cup very occasionally; while two more indulge in tea and nothing else in the liquid line.

Bad Riding. A great deal of controversy has taken place over Maher's riding of Lemberg in the St. Leger. Some say he rode a bad race, others say he could not have won in any case. I do not think the question of whether Lemberg could have won or not enters into the question at all. The majority of the spectators of the St. Leger were agreed that Maher ought not to have attempted to come up on the outside of Swynford when failure to do so meant his being badly pocketed. But the St. Leger is now done with, although I cannot dismiss the subject before drawing attention to one little matter on which not half enough stress has been laid. In giving Frank Wootton his orders before the race the Earl of Derby finished up with the following: "Win by as far as you can." I am certain if the fashionable jockeys were always to try to win by as much as possible they would not be beaten by short heads as often as they are. Flash finishes are no good either to owners or backers, and in the long run they tarnish a jockey's reputation. Trying to ride a close finish should be held to be bad jockeyship, and should be tabooed by all owners. It is nonsense to think that circus tricks of this sort throw dust in the eyes of the handicappers. On the contrary, the weight-adjusters are inclined to pile the weight on all the more in all such cases. Again, the pulling a horse's head half off at a crucial part of the race is not



GRADUALLY RIDING HIS WAY TOWARDS THE HEAD OF THE WINNING JOCKEYS' LIST: FRANK WOOTTON. It looks as though Frank Wootton might yet get ahead of Maher in the list of winning jockeys; at the moment, at all events, he is gradually reducing his famous rival's lead.

Photograph by Sport and General.



THE KING OF SPAIN'S HEIR "UP": THE PRINCE OF THE ASTURIAS ON HIS PONY.

Photograph by Chusseau-Flavien.

calculated to do him any good. If I had my way, every horse in a handicap should be ridden right out, and any jockey trying to keep out of the first three should be punished.

Captain Coe's "Monday Tips" will be found on our "City Notes" page.



BACCHUS AND HIS STEED: A STATUE THAT HAS CAUSED A SENSATION IN DRESDEN.

This curious Bacchus mounted on a donkey has just been placed in position at the new Parliament House in Dresden. It has caused a sensation—possibly of thirst.—[Photograph by Topical.]

WOMAN'S WAYS

BY ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

American Boys. Modern Society being singularly mixed by cosmopolitan marriages, you are apt, when staying in a French country-house, to come across various specimens of the American boy. He does not, by-the-bye, like

his English contemporary, delight in being called, up to the age of thirty odd, a "boy." At about eighteen or so he affects all the manners and ways of a man, while at twenty-five he is a staid citizen, and among the cultured classes —dare one whisper it?—just a suspicion of a prig. Certainly he lacks the joyous high spirits which are so delightful a characteristic of the young Englishman of the upper classes. He is apt to be a somewhat care-worn-looking individual, curiously desirous that you shall think him in-

No one can say that the age of martyrdom is over, for there seems to be something in human nature which makes it eager to immolate itself for a Cause. Have we not the valiant Suffragettes, with the hunger-strike as part of their militant practices, and have we not a modern army of martyrs to hygiene? It is true that Science has taken the place which Dogma once occupied, but none the less do we have our twentieth-century heroes and heroines: doctors who die lingering deaths in their devotion to such empirical experiments as X-rays; Christian Scientists who fade away rather than call in the nearest apothecary; air-men who lose their lives in testing some new machine at a perilous height above the earth. But perhaps the strangest of all are the new adepts of fasting as a cure for all ills. Time was when we paid our shillings to go and see a gentleman in a glass case who was declared to have abstained from food for three weeks; but now this singular proceeding is to be a "cure" to be undertaken at home by all who feel inclined. A somewhat "sensational" American author having set the fashion, men and women are cheerfully following his example. They do not, however, secure themselves in glass cases, but go about their work or business on nothing more sustaining or exhilarating than a glass of water. The worst of this curious experiment is that, if it succeeds, it will make fat Dives still more indifferent than he is to the sufferings of lean Lazarus.

Terrible Infants. Quite recently, Mr. James Douglas has been employing his brilliant and mordant pen in castigating the children of the upper classes. He finds them frankly intolerable. The boys, he says, are spoiled prigs, over whose "calculated caddishness there is a varnish of conventional politeness." Their sisters are minxes and chits, resilient little creatures whom it is impossible to have even the satisfaction of snubbing. Moreover, they cannot be ignored, these modern children, because, owing to the cult of childhood, they are always with us. Well, youth is not perfect, any more than age, and it is a quality which vanishes never to return. Let us endure these terrible infants for a little space, and invent another—and less spoiled—variety to solace our declining years.



[Copyright.]

MILLINERY A LA MODE: A NEAT HAT FOR THE AUTUMN.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-Out-of-Town" page.)

tellectual and cultivated. The American in France always has a hobby; it may be seventeenth-century books or eighteenth-century prints; he may be learned in cathedrals or collect Louis XV. snuff-boxes; whatever it is, it assumes an exaggerated importance, not only in his life, but in his conversation. The graduate of Oxford or Cambridge would always have you suppose that he never learnt anything—except rowing or cricket—at those ancient seats of learning. Like a clever woman of the world, he is chiefly preoccupied in luring you into the pleasing conviction that he is innocent of any learning whatsoever. But this is not the attitude of the Yale or Harvard man, still less of him of Princeton. For if the young American has achieved Culture, he is like an urchin who has found a stick of barley-sugar: he must at once communicate the glad news to all and sundry.

Why Educate? The shibboleth of education is rapidly losing its importance, for everyone knows nowadays that the only things for which our minds are really fitted we assimilate after we have left school or college. Thousands of girls waste priceless years worrying over music or mathematics when they are congenitally incapable of acquiring a working knowledge of either; whereas of history, languages, or painting they would have become enthusiastic students. It is absurd to teach masses of children or young people as if they were all alike. Moreover, we are always being reminded, by those who dig up the memoirs of the great, that the most charming and celebrated (and some of the most learned) of famous women never had any serious education at all. Woman, indeed, with her subtlety and her singular intuition, seems to get on better without a vast deal of book-learning. The most celebrated *salonières* in France in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries had no education. Mme. Geoffrin could not spell; Mme. du Deffand left her convent as ignorant as the nuns of the period. Mrs. George Haven Putnam, in a brilliant article in the *Contemporary Review*, roundly declares that "the great mental energy of these women, their good judgment, their sound taste, their indefatigable love of letters, are evidence of the advantage enjoyed by minds unjaded by routine." This is a surprising dictum in an age which is the slave of educational efficiency. But there is no doubt that the French lady of the salon (they were one and all exceedingly plain) charmed by some other means than looks or erudition.



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READY FOR THE COLD DAYS TO COME: A SEAL MUSQUASH COAT WITH ERMINE COLLAR, SKETCHED AT PETER ROBINSON'S,

OXFORD STREET, W.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-Out-of-Town" page.)

THE WOMAN OUT OF TOWN

Madame's Monocle. I hear that a single eyeglass is to be the smart thing for the woman of fashion. There are some ladies well known in London who have worn a monocle for many years. There are Lady Doreen Long, the Hon. Mrs. Brassey, Mrs. Shaw, and a few others whom, at the moment, I cannot remember. Their glasses are, however, of the kind caught dexterously into the lid of the eye. The new departure, or, rather, the rentrée of an old mode, is of the quizzing-glass order. It is a single glass, mounted on a long and ornamental handle, much the same as lorgnettes, but fitted with a single instead of double glasses. The effect will probably be to emphasise the piquant impertinence of a stare. One resents being steadily regarded through lorgnettes, although a similar gaze through a pince-nez disconcerts one not at all. I can conceive of nothing more conducive to a nerve-storm than being inspected through a single glass, and I think the fashion is almost enough to bring about a revolution! Let us hope that it will be confined to Paris, where they are on intimate terms with that sort of thing.

Les Modes
d'Henri Huit.

Majesty's will institute new modes in headgear, if in nothing else. Miss Violet Vanbrugh's square face-frame capote as Katharine of Aragon commends itself greatly to feminine fancy. Anne Bullen's head-gear, too, is most fascinating. Let us hope, however, that these modes may not be conducive to Henri Huit morals, and marriages *ad libitum*. The dresses are delightful; I am judging by pictures, being still in the near North. Here we are discussing them with a view to future adaptation. What we all like are the sleeves. There is a handsome, important dignity about them, in contrast to the rather meagre and attenuated covering which we afford our arms at present.

Hats for
the High-
lands,
Lowlands,
and all
Lands.

Dress may be everything that is becoming and suitable and smart, and the whole effect be handed over to the region of dowdiness by a badly chosen hat. There is no hat so apt to be badly chosen as one for country wear and for sport. This is the season when this kind of head-gear has to be chosen with especial care. The Scotch season is on the wane, where the first demand on hats was that they should be practical. Now the English country season commences. The *raison d'être* may be partridges, pheasants — very soon, and cubbing too; but what is required of women guests is to kill in less bloodthirsty fashion. Burberry's well-known firm have published a booklet of crown-ing-glory hats, so effective and so artistic, illustrated

by reproductions of pastel drawings by a well-known artist, that all who want to choose country and sporting hats should see it. These hats are weatherproof, are light in weight, and comfortably



A BEAUTIFUL GOLDEN-WEDDING PRESENT.

At the celebration of the golden wedding of Sir Merton and Lady Russell Cotes, which recently took place at their beautiful residence, East Cliff Hall, Bournemouth, Sir George Meyrick, on behalf of a few close personal friends, presented a massive gold Monteith bowl. This magnificent piece of work, illustrated above, was manufactured by the famous house of Garrard, Crown Jewellers, of 25, Haymarket.

Cloudy Ammonia Fluid, until the atmosphere of home is sweet as a nut and bright as a moonbeam.

Ladies at the Lines. There is an amusement in the North that is much enjoyed and little chronicled. It is sea-fishing. From the fact that it is not a fine-art kind of sport, it is seldom chronicled; but what real good fun it is! Out sailing up and down with a reef tied in the big mainsail, rod in hand, with strong tackle and five or six white flies, a small weight, and a decorative piece of red india-rubber on the last hook, is pleasant enough, if the sea has no terrors. Pleasanter still it is to feel a tug, put up the top of the rod and reel in steadily and, in spite of wild struggles on the part of the captive, slowly—because you are not strong enough to do it quickly—and then with a skilful swoop of the gaff to have a fine ten or twelve pound lythe in the boat.

The Duke of Sutherland's niece, Miss Chaplin, is much addicted to this kind of sport, and often brings a party from Dunrobin Castle to Brora to enjoy it. The skill and patience for hooking, playing, and killing a salmon are not possessed by all mankind. The catching of lythe is a more common or garden proceeding, but, like many other such things, vastly enjoyable!

fixed on the head. That they are smart and becoming and varied, so as to be suitable to all styles of feminine good looks, is proved by the booklet, each illustration in which is worth a frame. A postcard to Burberrys, Haymarket, London, will secure one.

A Ducal Farm. The Duke and Duchess of Teck have, I hear, taken Holkham Farm House, a small place outside the park of Holkham, for some months. Their Highnesses much prefer the country to the town when shooting and hunting are going on. Up to now, besides their house in Devonshire Place and the suite of rooms which they occupied in Henry the Eighth's Tower, Windsor Castle, by arrangement with Prince and Princess Alexander of Teck, when the Duke was on duty with his regiment at Windsor, they have had no residence. For several years they were in Vienna, where his Highness was Military Attaché. It is said that they are now trying the sporting attractions of different counties with a view to acquiring a country residence, now that their children are beginning to grow up. Their elder son is at Eton. The Duke of Teck is the Queen's eldest brother. Well do I remember his wedding at Eaton Hall to the first Duke of Westminster's youngest daughter, and the fine trio that the Queen's three brothers made in their uniforms. Prince Alexander had not then been gazetted to the 7th Hussars, his first regiment, but he was in uniform. The Queen, then Duchess of York, was present, and so was King Edward, then Prince of Wales.

Fresh Homes After
the Holidays.

We English are a home-loving race. Dear as holidays are to us, we go home always with a certain sense of gladness, which is increased by the knowledge that the home will be all fresh and sweet and clean. It is not only in spring that careful house-mothers have a cleaning, but always before the return from the holidays. Then are some papering and painting done, then are efficient and energetic servants busy with that sweetener and brightener of modern life, Scrubb's

MARRIED ON SATURDAY LAST: MISS EDITH DE LYS, THE FAMOUS SINGER,
AND FRÉDÉRIC BON-DE-MICHAELIS, VICOMTE DE SAINT-HILAIRE.

Miss de Lys (here shown as Tess in the opera of that name) is an American whose singing has delighted many at Covent Garden and elsewhere. After the civil wedding in London the couple left for Bruges, to go through the religious ceremony, the Archbishop officiating. Miss de Lys is to sing in a gala performance of "La Tosca" at Brussels on the 30th, when the King of the Belgians will be present—[Photographs by the Dover Street Studios.]

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proceeding, but, like many other such things, vastly enjoyable!

CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

The Next Settlement begins on Sept. 27.

YANKEES AND POLITICS.

THE Trusts and Railroads on the one side; President Taft, ex-President (not to say President Elect) Mr. Roosevelt and a rapidly increasing body of powerful "Insurgents" on the other. The situation is charged with dramatic interest, and its developments will deserve to be watched with keen attention over here. Vested interests are no longer on their trial: that part is over, and they have been found guilty, by vast numbers of U.S. citizens, of grinding the people for the sake of making huge fortunes for the Trusts. But vested interests are secured in positions of such strength that all the courage, intrepidity, and loyalty of the Insurgents will be strained in the conflict. If the Insurgents win, if the cost of living becomes reduced to more reasonable proportions, the Trusts and Railroads alike are bound at first to suffer. But before long the Railroads would be feeling an immense benefit by a change which would enable them to forego their claim for the right to charge higher freight-rates, and the extra expansion of trade that effective competition would bring must benefit the Railroad Corporations to a very material degree. On the other hand, fresh tariff-making is unlikely to be touched for at least a year, and in the meanwhile the principal Railroads are doing, on the whole, tolerably good business. On a broad view of the position it does not seem right to be a heavy bear of Yankees.

CENTRAL ARGENTINE RAILWAY.

At 108 cum. dividend, the price of Central Argentine can be considered as 104½ ex., because it is all Lombard Street to a China orange that the distribution will be at the rate of 7 per cent., making 6 per cent. for the full year. Accordingly, it may be assumed without much fear that Central Argentine Ordinary is a 6 per cent. stock for some time to come yet, because the traffics for the current half-year are so far magnificent. While it is a little early to dogmatise about the wheat crop, advices from the Argentine Republic are what the newspapers call "very encouraging," and on this occasion have a substantial backing. The stock argument against all the South American Railways is that before long the Companies must start paying on big blocks of new capital, and this, of course, is a factor that requires to be duly considered. So far as we can see, however, the Central Argentine will have little difficulty in shouldering its obligations, and the Ordinary stock at 108, cum. next month's dividend, certainly looks cheap.

ON BEER.

Brewery stocks are rising, in spite of taxation, temperance, and everything else. The reason is that the investor is very much on the look-out for cheap stuff, and the course of his financial peregrinations has brought him up against this market, where prices have been low and stock scarce for some long while. As we have been at pains to expound before, the flatness of Brewery prices did not necessarily mean that everyone wanted to sell, because, as a matter of fact, they didn't. The great majority of holders, after the first shock of the Budget had passed, resolved to "see the thing through"; consequently there hasn't been any great amount of stock about, and it wanted very little demand to make prices rise, when perhaps the buyers had to go away unsatisfied. Our contention is the same now as it has been for years past—namely, that where the best-class Brewery Debenture stocks can be bought on anything like a 5 per cent. basis of yield, they are worth having, whatever political party happens to be in power.

FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

"We do not," stated The Jobber with much emphasis, "desire or intend to talk Rubber to-day. We are sick of Rubber."

"Of Rubber, or *with* Rubber?" inquired The City Editor.

"Both," was the prompt reply. "We have made money, we have lost money. Let us be thankful for all things. Kismet."

"What on earth has Kismet got to do with it?"—and The Solicitor laughed. "You mean—"

"No, I don't. That's precisely what I didn't mean. But you're allowed to talk about Oil, if you want to."

"Those British Consolidated were a howling good tip of yours," growled The Engineer. "I paid over thirty shillings for mine, and here they are about a pound."

"It was a rotten tip," admitted The Jobber with candour. "I gave more for mine, though, and the people I bought them of tell me that they're one of the cheapest things in the market. They begged me to average."

"So that they might get out some more shares on you," was the retort.

But The Jobber did not resent even this.

"I think my people are genuine enough," he said, "although we've all been sorely disappointed."

"There's a little gambling counter called Oil Development Trust, florin shares standing about three shillings, that I hear very well of," observed The Engineer.

"My own experience is that gambling doesn't pay," The Merchant averred.

"It's horribly fascinating, and much better fun than sober-sided investment. Besides, where should we be if it weren't for speculation?" and The Broker assumed a semi-injured tone.

"Got any suggestions?" inquired The City Editor.

"Oil Development Trust," repeated The Engineer. "There may be a shilling rise in them. Just a gamble, you know."

"You can sell Wassaus for a shilling fall," said The Broker. "It's a rotten market that West African, and the Tin shares are as bad as the Gold shares."

"Still, big people have put a lot of money into the Jungle, and one of these days you'll see a good market there again."

"You can sell Wassaus," repeated The Broker, with the assumption of "One-Who-Knows."

"There are all kinds of low-priced tips in the Rub—"

"Touch wood," The Jobber warned him.

"—In the Rubbish Markets," pursued The Solicitor, quite evenly. "I even heard London Ventures tipped the other day."

"They must be loaded up with a lot of—" and The Broker paused—"stuff."

"I should guess they are out of most of it," surmised The Solicitor; "and if the Company can produce a statement showing a good cash balance, and hint at the payment of another dividend, we might see Ventures up to half-a-sovereign again."

The Broker agreed. "It's plucking honey off thorns to buy them, all the same," he added.

"People love a low-priced share, because they can get such a lot for such a little money."

"Forgetting the risk they run in buying what they call cheap shares."

"Ventures are four-shilling shares, Wassaus ten-shilling, Oil Development, florin," The Broker reminded them.

"Well, but aren't there any good low-priced investment shares?" demanded The City Editor, ever hungry for tips.

"British Automatic, Calico Printers, and Whiteley's Preference are all cheap," replied The Broker. "The Whiteleys you can buy at fourteen-and-sixpence, and they are paying a dividend on the Ordinary this time."

"I love ten per cent. on my money"—and The Jobber hugged himself.

"The only market where you can get that without much risk is the Ru—"

"Waihies pay you more than that," The Jobber interrupted. "I bought myself a few Waihies the other day. Sixteen shillings a year on six-pounds-ten is good enough for my money."

The Banker put in a plea for a really good investment, "with a spice of speculation to give it a flavour of interest," said he.

The Broker declared that he could step into the breach.

"Midland Railway of Western Australia Six per cent. Cumulative Income Debenture stock," he proceeded.

"Goodness gracious me!" and The Banker almost gasped. "Say it again."

But The Jobber said he'd better wait until next morning, when they weren't so near the terminus. "I must be in the House before twelve," he protested.

"What is the special merit—"

"The Company has paid no interest on that Income Debenture stock for ten years, so there is 60 per cent. of arrears to be made up. The line is doing well, and this year should earn at least 4 per cent. out of the 6 per cent. required."

"Where do the arrears come in?"

"As the time goes on and the Company's earnings expand, those arrears will have to be dealt with."

"I suppose thy will be funded?"

"That's the idea. There have been one or two ineffectual efforts in that direction already, but they fell through on account of the conflicting interests at work. The price is about 87, so even if you only get 4 per cent. this year, 5 per cent. next, and 6 per cent. in 1912—"

"No Rubber games," interposed The Jobber.

"—You will still have a good investment, and with the chance of making a haul out of the arrears."

"It's worth thinking about," said The Banker. "What did you say the name was?"

"Midland Railway Company of Western Australia Six per cent. Cumulative—"

He fairly fell out of the carriage, did The Jobber.

THE RUBBER MARKET.

We hear so much of the big dividends which are being or will shortly be paid by Rubber Companies, that it may be well to see what they really mean to buyers at present prices. In the first place, it is necessary to consider what return should be obtained on money invested in rubber-planting. Nobody would, we suppose, be satisfied with less than 10 per cent. on his investment, for even the most optimistic cannot consider the risks of tropical agriculture adequately covered by less than some such interest. There are the risks of disease, of insect pests, of hurricanes, of bad management; of a heavy drop in the value of raw rubber, and many other things of a like nature, which to the prudent man forbid a purchase unless, bar accidents, he can expect at least such a

return. Honestly, we believe that no man who knows what tropical agriculture is would take less than 10 per cent. for his money.

On this basis, if a 2s. share stands at 20s., it requires 100 per cent. to give the required return, or if at 40s., 200 per cent. must be paid before the investor gets the interest he is looking for. It is very nice for the original holders to receive an interim dividend of 50 per cent.; but if you have given 40s. or 45s. for the shares (2s. each) on which this is paid, it does not appeal to you in quite the same way.

For instance, Pataling have just paid 1s. 6d. a share, which, on the nominal value, is 75 per cent., and one is apt to forget that, on the current price, it is under 2½ per cent.—nothing very much to brag about, even if it is likely to be repeated quarterly. We think the same reasoning, applied to most of the leading concerns, will give pretty much the same result; and we cannot see why these dividends should do more than keep prices at about their present level. It is true the production will in many cases increase; but it is almost as certain that the price of rubber will diminish in a corresponding degree, so that in many cases the actual profit on a larger output will not be as much as that obtained at present. That this is well recognised may be seen from Messrs. Parry and Muraour's A B C, where, for instance, the estimated profit on a production of 270,000 lb. in 1910 is given at £67,000, whereas the estimated profit in the case of the same plantation on 583,000 lb., to be produced in 1914, is put at £58,000 only.

We do not see why there should be any violent break in the best Rubber share prices, but even at the present level there does not appear much room for the bulls.

Saturday, Sept. 17, 1910.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C. Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

K. F. S.—Your Rubbers Nos. 1 and 2 are among the best, and should give you good dividends. No. 3 is a fair Company, and backed by good people. No. 4. You cannot expect much till 1912 or 1913. Our view is that the whole Rubber Market is more likely to drop away than improve, so far as share prices go. No. 5. Quite a sound bond. No. 6. There is; we think, no Company of the exact name you give. Will you make sure of the true title? No. 7. We doubt the wisdom of this purchase, but until the effect of the new public-house taxation is more certain, it is very doubtful whether the Preference shares may not go worse.

EDGAR.—1. A pure gamble. 2. Certainly not.

DOG.—The First Prel. appears a cheap stock if you want 6 per cent. with comparatively little risk.

CLIMAX.—We have a poor opinion of this Company's prospects; but the Preference shares are so low that it may be worth "hanging on" if you bought at higher figures.

X. Y. Z.—The Company is a fair one. Our view is that the Rubber Market is more likely to "sag" than improve, but if you don't mind this there is no reason to sell. The Company should yield a good return in time.

TINA.—See last answer. We are not prepared to advise speculative purchases in Rubbers for rise, but perhaps, to hold, some of the progressive Companies, such as Mount Austin, may pay well.

ARGENTINA.—Central Argentine Ordinary or Deferred would be our selection.

E. V.—We never heard of the Company, and it is in no books of reference. We will search at Somerset House if you will send us the search fee required.

THE BRITISH GUIANA BALATA COMPANY, LTD.—Mr. J. Halcrow, presiding at the statutory meeting of the British Guiana Balata Company, Ltd., said that considerable difficulty had been experienced with one of the vendors, who was anxious that the sale should not be completed, as he had received an offer of more than double the price he was getting for his interest in the estate. That difficulty had now been overcome, and the transfer had been completed. Twenty-seven thousand pounds of balata had been collected and sold at 3s. per lb., and it was expected to ship from 100,000 lb. to 120,000 lb. of balata before the end of December next. The cost of collecting did not exceed 1s. 2d. per lb., and the price of balata now was 3s. to 3s. 6d. per lb., "best sheet" fetching 3s. 7d. in London, but in Guiana it is fetching better prices. Taking the middle figure of 3s. 3d., there was a fair chance of the Company showing a profit of from £10,000 to £12,500 before the end of the year, which, on a total issued capital of £36,500, must be considered very satisfactory—equal to a return of something like 30 per cent. The future of the Company was, the Chairman said, more than hopeful, and the shareholders might reasonably expect liberal dividends. The Company is in actual possession of 700 square miles of balata-producing country, a fact upon which the shareholders might congratulate themselves. In addition to balata, the directors will not lose sight of the importance of planting rubber, for which the soil is admirably suited. There is also timber on the property of an excellent quality.

MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

These may run well at Windsor: Royal Handicap, Gera; Merry Wives Nursery, Alster Cress; September Handicap, Colonial; Frogmore Welter, Flinders. At Newbury I think Elizabetta will win the Autumn Cup. Other selections are: Produce Stakes, Tara; Moderate Plate, Prince Pippin; Long Distance Handicap, Tokay; Kingsclere Stakes, Rosedrop; Highclere Nursery, Eton Boy; Lambourne Welter, Dartoi; Whatcombe Handicap, Hackla.

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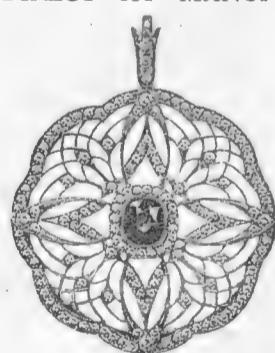
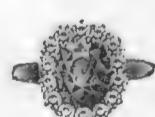
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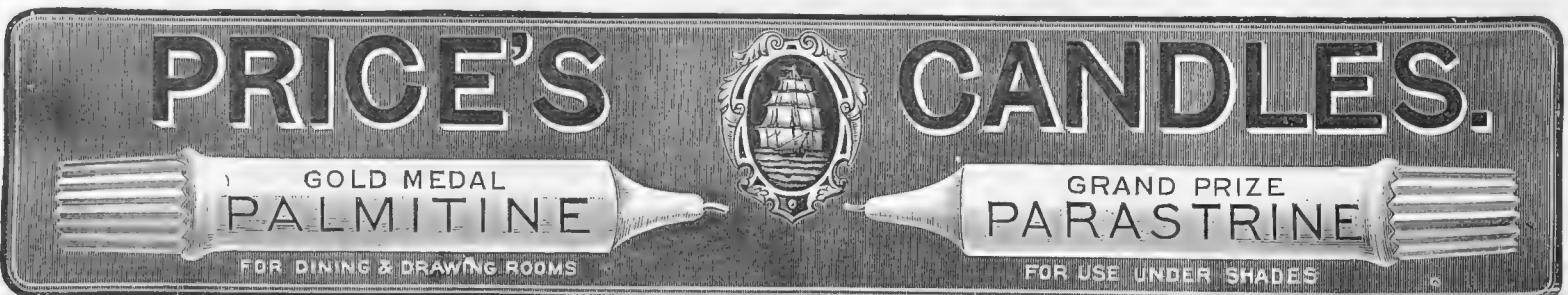
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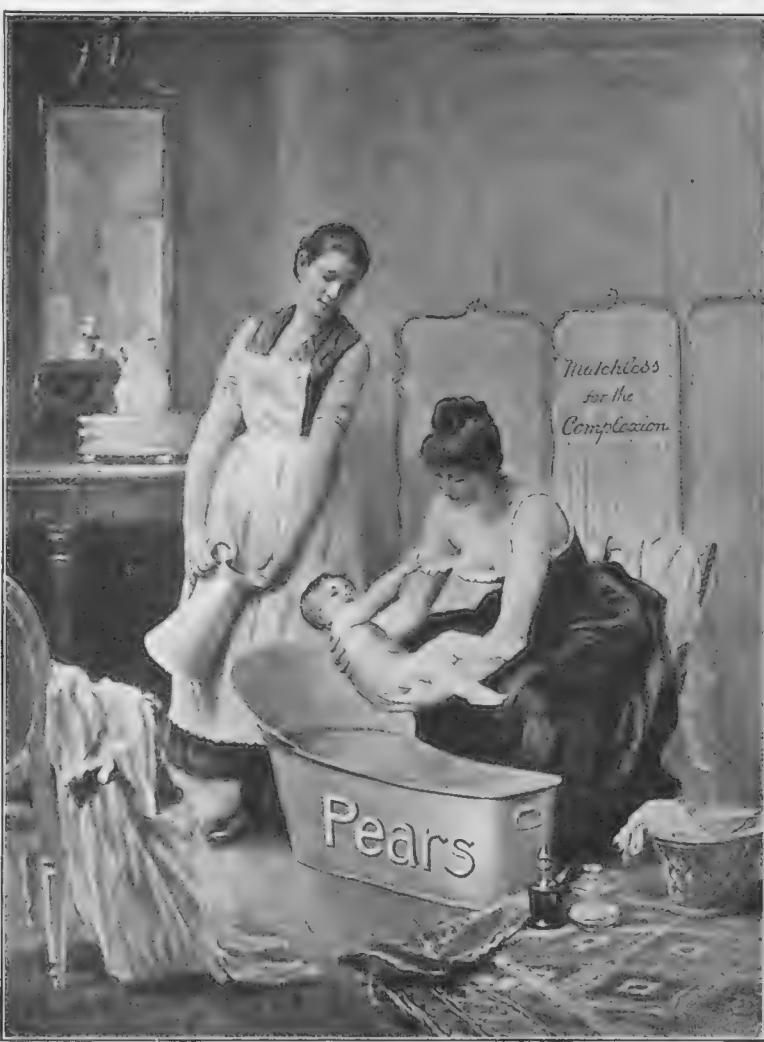
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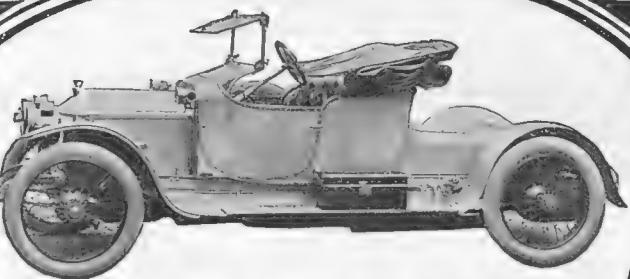
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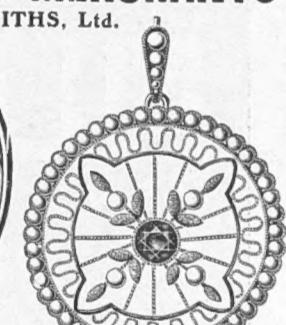


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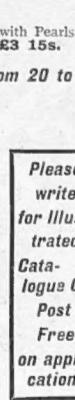
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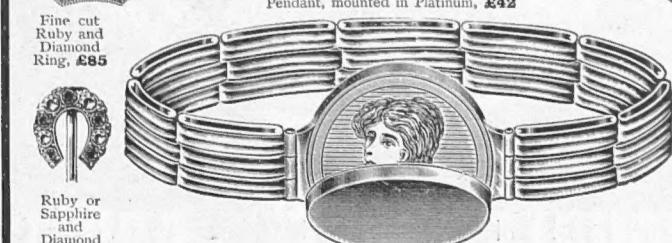
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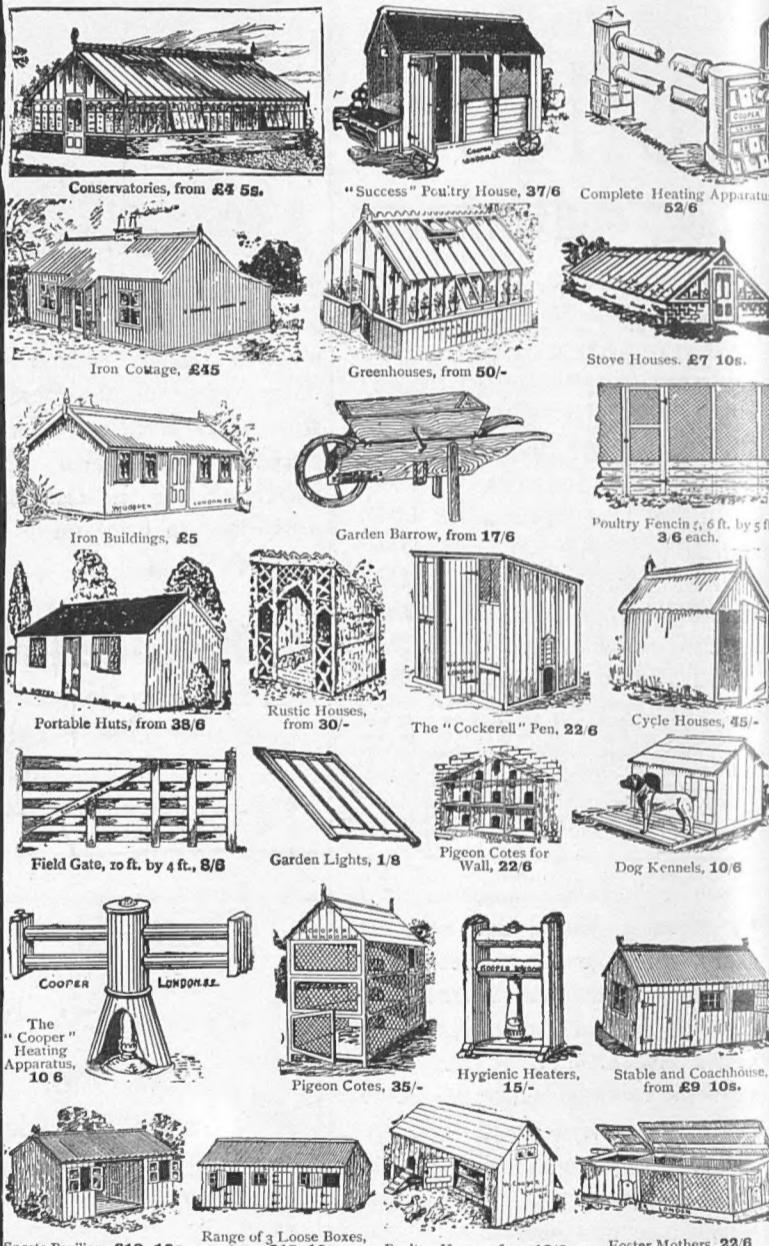
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A Visit to Sandow's.

WHAT IT MEANS TO THE MAN OR WOMAN IN POOR HEALTH.

IN the interests of the very considerable number of "Sketch" readers who are watching the recent remarkable advance daily being made in the practice of physical culture as a cure for a large number of illnesses, this account of the Sandow method has been prepared. It will enable sufferers from the varied troubles, in which scientific exercise is now so frequently medically advised, to judge whether or no they might, perhaps, themselves try this most modern and undoubtedly highly beneficial form of treatment, which has been so successful in curing various forms of illness. Probably no other living man can claim so many converts to his views as Eugen Sandow, for his followers number many hundreds of thousands in Great Britain and its Colonies alone. There is no doubt whatever that Mr. Sandow is gradually effecting a radical change in the old-established ideas of remedial treatment of illness, not solely in the mind of the lay public, but also in that of the medical profession. Indeed, at the present time there are no fewer than 600 or 700 practising doctors who include amongst their prescriptions for certain ailments advice to "take a course of Sandow's exercise," which is regarded amongst medical men as the most important adjunct of modern medical science.

What Mr. Sandow Claims to Cure.

MR. Sandow does not claim that his system can cure everything. For the present he states that, at his headquarters in St. James' Street, London, S.W., he has during recent years, had a total of many thousands of cases of Digestive Disorder, Nervous Breakdown of varied types in both men and women, Uric Acid Complaints, Heart Troubles and circulatory Disorders, Obesity, Chest and Lung Weakness, Physical Deformities, and Spinal Curvatures, Kidney Disorders, the Special Ailments of Women, and cases of general physical deficiency, and that his uniform success in dealing with these by natural means, viz., specially prescribed individual courses of scientific exercise without having resort to drugs, has amply proved that his method is the surest cure in such illnesses.

Rapid Medical and Public Adoption.

MR. Sandow further says that he attributes the comparative rapidity with which his method has achieved official and medical recognition and approval, and also its popularity with the ailing public, to the care exercised in not inviting or accepting for treatment any cases except those in which past experience of a careful and complete character has shown that it would be beneficial.

No Weight-lifting or Strenuous Exertions.

THREE is still an idea abroad that Curative Physical Culture involves violent or protracted exercise. No greater fallacy could be. There are no heavy weights to lift, no strenuous exertions to be made, the treatment is so gentle and graduated that it may be taken by a child of five or a man or woman of eighty-five years of age. Take the instance of the man or woman whose nervous and digestive systems are both in a bad state, and see what the treatment means in such a case. Upon calling at the Sandow Institute the inquirer is impressed with the earnest seriousness with which Mr. Sandow's establishment is conducted. Almost immediately the caller is shown into a consulting-room, and is receiving a sympathetic hearing, punctuated only by a few pertinent questions, always to the point, and displaying an immediate intuitive insight to the most important features of the trouble. If the case is one which will be benefited by scientific exercise in preference to any other treatment, the course which is considered best for the patient will be suggested.

The Gentlest Movements Often the Most Curative.

IF, as is usually the case, the sufferer decides to adopt the suggestions (which there is no obligation whatever to do unless so desired), then a first lesson in the exercises prescribed may be taken at once. The exercises, which are not arranged upon any set rule, but are chosen to meet the requirements of each patient's individual case, are carried out in complete privacy. They have a double effect and intention, and are skilfully and scientifically designed, not only to strengthen weak organs, and to build up the fabric

of the body as a whole, but concurrently they encourage concentration of the mind and the strengthening of the will power. On the latter point Mr. Sandow places great importance. Seeing that the fees are in every case quite moderate, those invalids who have the opportunity to do so naturally prefer to attend for a few minutes each day at the Institute, and carry out the course entirely in the convenient—one might add luxurious—environment which Mr. Sandow has created for their benefit.

Courses of treatment, however, are arranged to suit the convenience of those whose social, professional, business, or domestic engagements forbid a daily visit, in such a manner that an attendance need only be made on each occasion when it is found necessary, according to the progress of the case, to alter the prescription of exercises. The treatment for the rest may be carried out at home.

A Great Boon to the Middle-aged and the Elderly.

TO the man who has led a strenuous life, either at home or in one of the services abroad, and who at the age of forty-five or fifty naturally looks forward to a healthy middle-age, but finds, as so many do, that his vigour is distinctly on the wane, that the trials to which he has subjected his system in either work or pleasure are now beginning to have a marked effect upon his health and strength, Mr. Sandow's science is invaluable. There is no other way in which youth may be so surely and pleasantly maintained or renewed.

The Most Successful Cure.

MR. Sandow proudly lays claim to the fact that under his method a greater proportion of cures is brought about than by any other known treatment of illness. Some while back "Truth" newspaper organised a searching investigation into the records of cases which had been treated at the Sandow Institute, with the result that it was discovered that the phenomenal percentage of ninety-nine cases out of every hundred accepted for treatment had received substantial benefit, and that ninety-four in every hundred had entirely achieved the object for which Mr. Sandow had been consulted.

Treatment by Correspondence.

NOR is it only those who can come to

London who may benefit their health by the Sandow advice and treatment. There are a great many people who, for some reason or another, find themselves unable to visit Mr. Sandow's famous headquarters in London. In such cases, more particularly amongst those who live in the Colonies and abroad, advice is given with pleasure, and, if suitable, courses of treatment are planned and forwarded to the sufferer to be carried out at home. Those who desire a consultation are invited to call at 32, St. James' Street, London, S.W., and if the visitor can be accepted, and decides to take a course of treatment, the fees, as previously mentioned, are upon a moderate fixed schedule quite within the means of the man or woman of modest purse.

A Trouble Saver for Inquirers.

IT is typical of the thoroughness of the method which Mr. Sandow has organised to save interested readers trouble in inquiring into the suitability of their maladies for treatment that he has produced a fully illustrated health library of twenty-four small volumes dealing with certain illnesses and conditions amenable to his treatment. A list of their titles is given below, and a copy of whichever book is desired will be forwarded gratis and post free to any reader who will write a letter to Mr. Sandow at 32, St. James' Street, London, S.W., asking for it, mentioning at the same time this article in "The Sketch."

1. INDIGESTION AND DYSPEPSIA	13. LACK OF VIGOUR
2. CONSTIPATION AND ITS CURE	14. PHYSICAL DEFORMITIES IN MEN
3. LIVER TROUBLES	15. PHYSICAL DEFORMITIES IN WOMEN
4. NERVOUS DISORDERS IN MEN	16. FUNCTIONAL DEFECTS IN SPEECH
5. NERVOUS DISORDERS IN WOMEN	17. CIRCULATORY DISORDERS
6. OBESITY IN MEN	18. SKIN DISORDERS
7. OBESITY IN WOMEN	19. PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT FOR MEN
8. HEART AFFECTIONS	20. EVERYDAY HEALTH
9. LUNG AND CHEST COMPLAINTS	21. BOYS' AND GIRLS' HEALTH AND AILMENTS
10. RHEUMATISM AND GOUT	22. FIGURE CULTURE FOR WOMEN
11. ANAEMIA: ITS CAUSE AND CURE	23. INSOMNIA
12. KIDNEY DISORDERS: FUNCTIONAL AND CHRONIC	24. NEURASTHENIA.

THE WHEEL AND THE WING.

(Continued.)

Motorists Realise the Budget. Until the moment for cashing-up was actually at hand, it is a question whether the average motorist fully realised just what the new Budget taxation meant for him, so far as his automobile was concerned. But the almost indecent anxiety of the local authorities to collect the balances has brought the matter right home, and indignant protest grows apace. The car-owner now perceives the result of the neglect of his interests by the bodies presumed to protect him, and is crying out—alas, too late!—for something to be done. The inequality and incongruity of the taxation is the thing that galls, and the thing which, before everything else, should be rectified. Let the bodies responsible for the present absurd state of matters purge a tinge of their neglect by agitating for the disuse of the ridiculous Treasury method of horse-power computation, and the establishment of taxation per actual horse-power unit.

Bad Effect on Design and Industry. But before this remodelling of the taxation scale can arrive, a change of Government is necessary. It would appear impossible to convince those at present in control of the detrimental effect of the present system of taxation upon both design and the industry. The output of high-powered cars is more profitable than that of smaller vehicles to the trade at large; but it is the manufacture of automobiles of over 25 to 30 h.p. that the present impositions will strangle. It must not be thought that power necessarily means speed; chiefly it makes for greater control and comfort. A reserve of engine-power is a delight to a keen motorist, and hitherto he has not grudged something more substantial in initial cost to possess it. But now the taxes that progress by leaps and bounds prohibit him, and the industry—at bottom, the worker—suffers. Then, again, the engine-designer finds himself cribbed, cabined, and confined by the ridiculous squaring calculation, and is pushed perilously near to the production of long-stroke enormities.

Feats that Pass Unnoticed. The man in the street who obtains his knowledge of passing events and draws his inspiration from the daily Press must be hard put to it to keep abreast of the progress of aviation. Indeed, nine people out of ten, while conscious of the fact that men can fly, are altogether unaware of the interesting and wonderful feats which take place almost daily in the various parts of the world where aviators most do congregate. For instance, on Sept. 7, Weymann, using a Farman aeroplane, made a determined attempt to win the

prize of £4000 offered by those great sportsmen, the brothers Michelin, for whosoever should fly with a passenger from Paris to the summit of the Puy de Dôme. Weymann actually got to Volvic, within five miles of his destination, scoring a world's distance-record for passenger-carrying by accomplishing 139 miles without descending. Then, on the 4th inst., Morane ascended to a height of 8469 feet, to be beaten four days later 321 feet by Chavez. The following day, Leon Parisot flew with a passenger from Issy-les-Moulineaux to Paris and round the Eiffel Tower. History does not say what the passengers think of it.

Altitude Competitions Undesirable. In the best interests of aviation, both as a sport and a method of locomotion, promoters of aviation meetings will be well advised to abstain from offering maximum altitude prizes. As has been pointed out by one of the most practical men known to the sport, the attainment of altitudes over 2000 feet avails and proves nothing. There is peril enough, heaven knows, in straightforward flying, without inciting men by the offer of heavy money prizes to play wantonly with death. The difference between an altitude of 1000 and 2000 feet is nothing to the spectator; and where does the attraction come in when the man disappears from sight altogether? Accidents provoked by risky foolhardiness will only work harm to the movement, and if the Royal Aero Club have the best interests of aviation at heart, they will refuse to license meetings at which maximum-altitude prizes are offered. It is only by the merest luck that indulgence in these attempts has not lost the world more than one of its finest aviators.

In these days of long range the quality of the binoculars used by naval and military men, to mention only one class of users thereof, is a matter of the utmost importance. The Improved Prismatic Binoculars made by the well-known firm of Messrs. Dollond are undoubtedly among the most efficient, as well as the lightest and handiest, glasses now upon the market. The stereoscopic effect and the angle of view have been greatly increased in the new model. The eye-pieces are made to focus separately or simultaneously, as desired. Once carefully focussed, the eye-pieces need in future only be set to the correct index, when everything beyond 100 feet away will be in focus. This is a great advantage in observing rapidly moving objects. Full particulars are given in an illustrated booklet, "The Choice of a Binocular," which may be obtained from any of Messrs. Dollond's retail establishments, 35, Ludgate Hill; 62, Old Broad Street; 223, Oxford Street; or 5, Northumberland Avenue.

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